The War Illustrated

Vol. 3 A Permanent Picture Record of the Second Great War No. 45

It was a bitter moment for France when German troops marched past the Arc de Triomphe and the Unknown Soldier's grave. Hitler, pondering on the scene above, might well remember that the Arch was begun by Napoleon to commemorate those victories of 1805-1806 which made him as much master of Europe as the German dictator is today, with only Britain standing out; yet before the Arch was finished Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena and his vast Empire had crumbled into ruin. This photograph was wirelessed to New York and flown to England in a Clipper 'plane.

Photo, Keystone

On France Descends the Silence of Defeat

While the extent and nature of the German victory had hardly penetrated to the masses of the French people, the rigorous censorship enforced by the Nazis and the Bordeaux Government alike could not hide the signs of defeat and subjection described here.

On France, once so gay and gallant, has descended the sombre silence of defeat and despair.

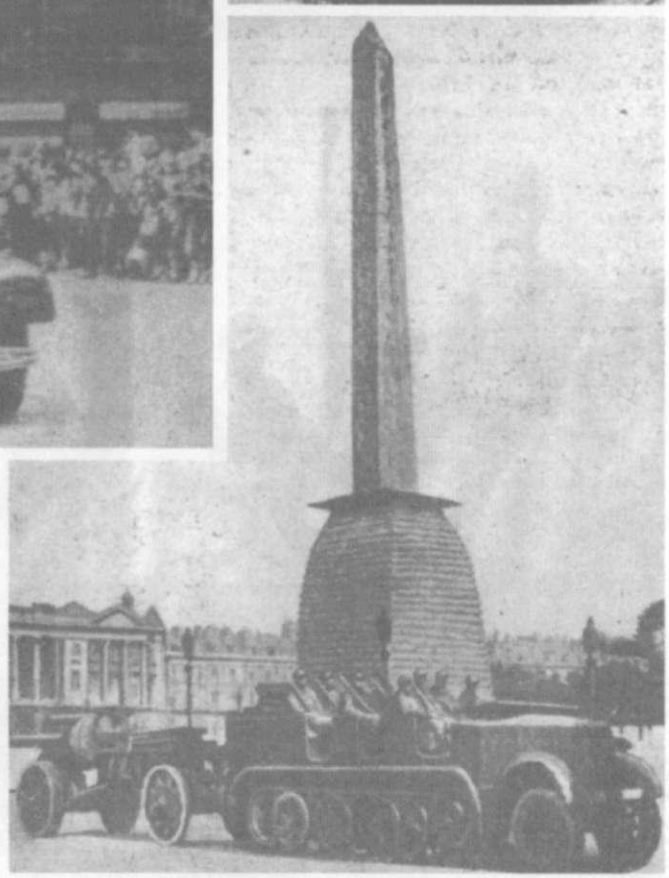
The "75's" have ceased to roar, the chatter of the machine-guns has died away. But not only has been stilled the voice of war. A heavy blanket of depression weighs down the spirits of a people naturally animated; a Press renowned for its strident notes has been muted at the behest of Dr. Goebbels; from the broadcasting stations come the programmes permitted by the conqueror, and from Radio Paris speaks the "traitor of Stuttgart," Paul Ferdonnet; at half-past nine on these July evenings, when on the café terraces the loungers sipping their cafés and apéritifs have still light enough to read their papers, a firm curfew order is enforced, and only those holding a pass issued by the German Kommandantur are allowed in the streets.

Scattered over the war-pocked countryside are millions of unhappy folk who left their homes weeks ago and, maybe, hundreds of miles away, when they sensed and heard and felt the invaders' furious approach. Now that the war is over great masses of refugees, French, Belgian, and Dutch, are being herded almost like cattle into temporary camps which have been established at many places in order that the roads may be kept clear for the passage of the German troops. There the homeless pass their days and nights in a state of hungry squalor, their minds filled with the memory of the horrors of yesterday and with the anticipation of the evil things that tomorrow may bring.

The French soldiers, too, are there—hundreds of thousands of men who did all that brave men could do, but who have been defeated by things beyond their control and outside their leaders' reckoning. Now in sullen groups they plod along the roads in dejected fashion to the depots where they will hand over their arms to the conquerors and then be permitted to proceed to their homes—if homes, indeed, they still have. As for the 900,000 of their comrades who surrendered during the battle, it has been decreed that they shall remain in the enemy's prison-camps until the German triumph shall be secure.

In the occupied territory—and all the France that matters is now occupied by the Germans—a people whose ancestors first listened to and broadcast the intoxicating gospel of the "Rights of Man" is now governed by the decrees of a military dictatorship. Thus, on June 30th the Nazis decreed that any acts of violence against the German authorities or German citizens should be punished by death. At the same time it was sternly forbidden to make any personal contact with French prisoners of war without the consent of the German authorities, distribute unauthorized pamphlets and organize unauthorized public meetings or demonstrations, down tools or dismiss employees so as to injure German interests, publish

Before Hitler and Mussolini divided the carcass of their prey they met on June 18 in Munich of unhappy memory to consult on the terms to be offered to France. Here the Dictators are seen standing in their car to allow the crowds to get a better view of them.



Top, Otto Dietrich (left) Nazi Press Chief, and Karl Boehmer, head of the Nazi Foreign Press Dept., are seen at the tomb of Franco's Unknown Soldier. Lower photo shows a German heavy motorized unit passing the Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, Paris.

Photos, Keystone and Associated Press

Nothing Is Wanting to Her Cup of Humiliation

anything harmful to the Reich, listen-in to non-German wireless broadcasts, and disseminate anti-German news. All arms were required to be delivered up within 24 hours, and also all wireless sets which had not been specially exempted.

Everywhere were the all-too-apparent signs of conquest, but perhaps in Paris was the humiliation of defeat most felt. Such reports as leaked out from the former French capital spoke of a city largely deserted by its populace, with many of its houses and shops still shuttered and closed. The cafés were open and the food supplies seemed to be adequate. Fond couples roamed the walks of the Bois de Boulogne, children sailed their boats on the pond or watched with fascinated eyes the grim antics of Punch and Judy amidst the pleasant greenery of the Luxembourg Gardens. But many of the factories were still out of action, and unemployment and short time were rife. Through the once-crowded streets passed no buses or taxis or private cars, although the trains of the "Metro" still rumbled through the smelly gloom. Plenty of German soldiers were to be seen, but for the most part they were sightseers being shown round by those of their officers who had visited or lived in Paris before the war. But the sights and sounds which the word "Paris" had meant to those peasant youths were denied them, for the gay creatures that once had given Paris its reputation of the "City of Light" had no place in a town where the strokes of nine sounded the curfew that none dare disobey.

In his diatribe of January 30, 1940, Hitler declared that M. Daladier, then French Premier, would "soon make the acquaintance of German and Austrian divisions." His words were recalled by the photograph below of Austrian troops in the Place de la Concorde. Another unwelcome visitor to the square was the Nazi aeroplane seen above which landed in the very narrow space available.

After the entry of the German Army into Paris the people had to suffer in silence the spectacle of their conquerors viewing the sights of the city. In particular, the Arc de Triomphe, from which the swastika flag was flying, was visited by many German officers shown round by gendarmes.

Photos, Associated Press and Keystone

Why the German Army Won in France

Many reasons have been advanced for France's collapse, so complete and so sudden; but most of her critics are agreed that her army was outclassed, outmanoeuvred, and outfought by the German war machine. Some analysis of military effort of the two belligerents in the Battle of France is attempted here.

In the great battle of the West, which opened on May 10 and ended forty-seven days later on June 25, when the last of the French divisions laid down their arms, it has been estimated that the French Army lost 60,000 soldiers killed in action, and perhaps 300,000 wounded—this out of a total mobilized in France of about 2,780,000.

The figures are impressive enough, particularly when we look at them not in the mass as the military statistician sees them but as individuals, as men, young, middle-aged, and even old—when we remind ourselves that for every one of the 60,000 dead some woman weeps for son, husband, or lover, some child mourns a father, some *poilu* a comrade who in the danger and terror of the battle had stuck to him closer than a brother. The 300,000 wounded, too, will tax the country's hospitals for weeks and months; for all the years that remain to them tens of thousands of brave men will bear on their bodies and in their minds the scars of wounds, the marks of mutilation.

But compared with some of the battles of the Great War—battles which in their result were far less decisive—the casualties suffered by France in this battle which decided her fate for the present, and perhaps for all time, can hardly be regarded as out of the way. On July 1, 1916, the opening day of the great offensive of the Somme, the British Army lost 56,000 men killed, wounded, and missing, and at Verdun in 1916 the French losses were approximately 350,000. Between August 21 and September 12, 1914, in three weeks of war, the French suffered losses amounting to some 600,000 men. Moreover, in the great battle of 1940, the French dead and wounded were far outnumbered by the prisoners taken by the Germans. In the first phase of the battle, when the armies were engaged in Belgium and north-eastern France, the Germans were able to claim 350,000 French prisoners; and as the battle swept across France, another 600,000 poilus were herded into the German prison-camps. So great was the haul of prisoners, indeed, that it is obvious that something infinitely serious had happened to France's military machine.

In his speech to the Senate M. Reynaud spoke of "incredible mistakes" which had permitted the Germans to cross the Meuse; but the supreme blunderer was not General Corap, commander of that ill-fated Ninth Army, but General Gamelin and those (including General Weygand) who for years past had maintained that in this war France should assume a defensive attitude, calmly secure behind the fortress wall of the Maginot Line. In vain did men of the newer school—General de Gaulle, for instance—urge that the war should be one of movement, in which the supreme part would be played by mechanized units. The gentlemen of the staff were thinking in the terms of the Great War. Even the campaign in Poland, in which the Germans demonstrated their new tactics for all the world to see, seemed to leave them unmoved; as it had no effect on their practice it is reasonable to assume that its lessons never penetrated to their thought. They dreamed of a static war, and Hitler and Keitel willed that it should be a dynamic war.

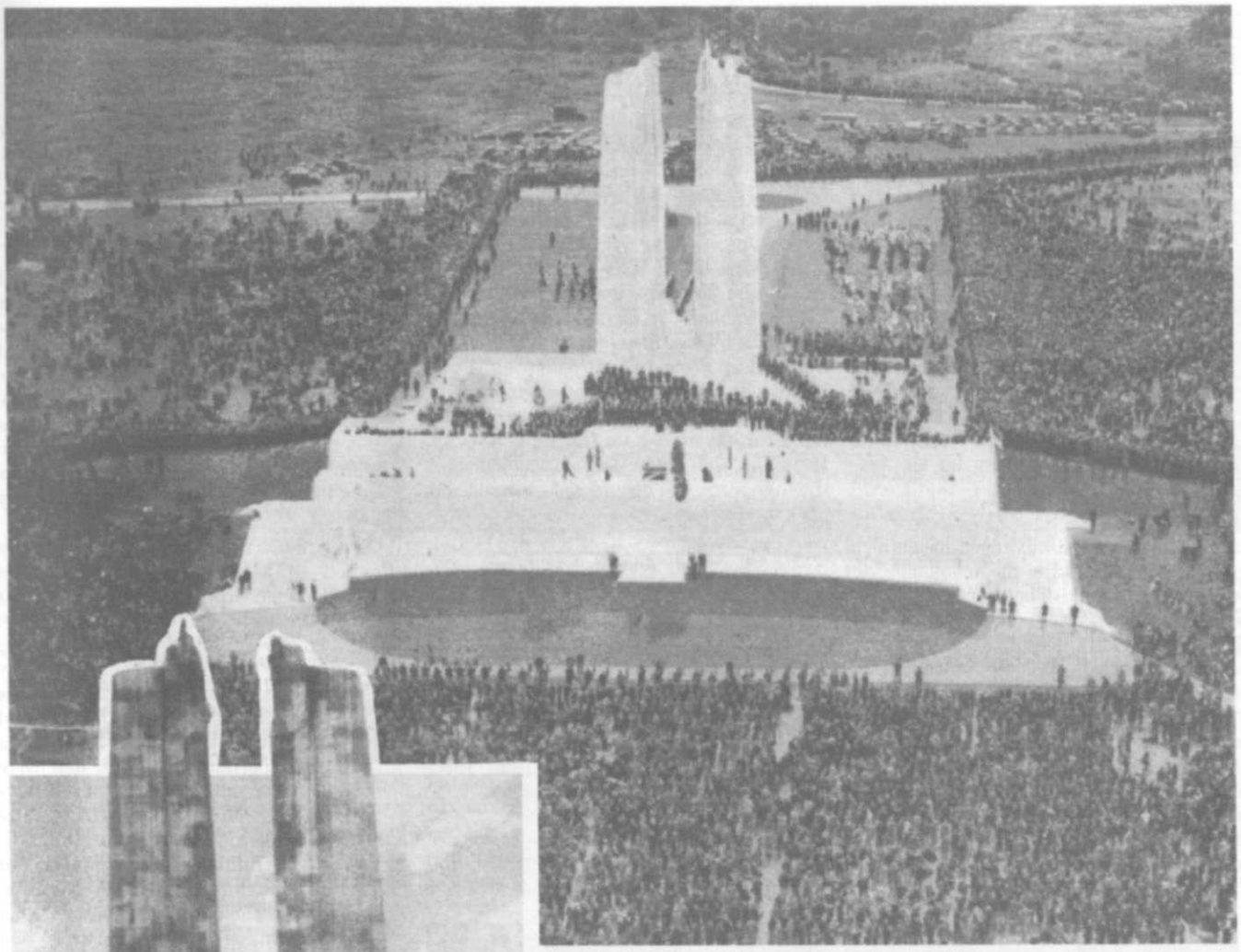
For this type of warfare Hitler's army was well prepared. It was strong in tanks, large, small and medium; its artillery was numerous and first-class; its men were highly trained and were imbued with an almost mystical lust for battle such as had not been seen in Europe since the Moslem Arabs ceased to follow the trail of conquest. Moreover, the German air force, overwhelmingly superior to the French in number and possessed of more up-to-date 'planes, had been trained to act in the closest cooperation with the army—of which, indeed, it was a vital part. It was by the most skilful combination, the most daring use, of tank and gun and dive-bomber, that the Germans were able to pierce, thrust aside, or outflank one after another of the French defences.

Not only in the actual fighting did the Germans evince an extraordinary efficiency far surpassing that of their opponents, but this was also manifest in such things as the maintenance of their tanks and the arrangements made for refuelling, in the astonishing skill of their sappers, and the tremendous skill and energy displayed in getting stores and supplies to the front through country which had been ravaged and burnt out by their own war machine. True, their successes in this direction were furthered by their complete ruthlessness, evidenced by the way in which they machine-gunned or simply drove through or over the flocks of refugees who cluttered up the roads. But ruthlessness could never have won the battle; it was planning of the very highest and most detailed order, the keenest efficiency and the most wholehearted zeal, that did that.

Top is the desolate scene in the main street of Avesnes-le-Aubert when the French Army was falling back before the mighty German onrush. Disabled French tanks almost blocked the road. Above, amidst the ruins wrought by their own guns in a Belgian village, a Nazi 37 mm. anti-tank-gun has been placed in position. The bicycle belongs to the leader of the gun crew.

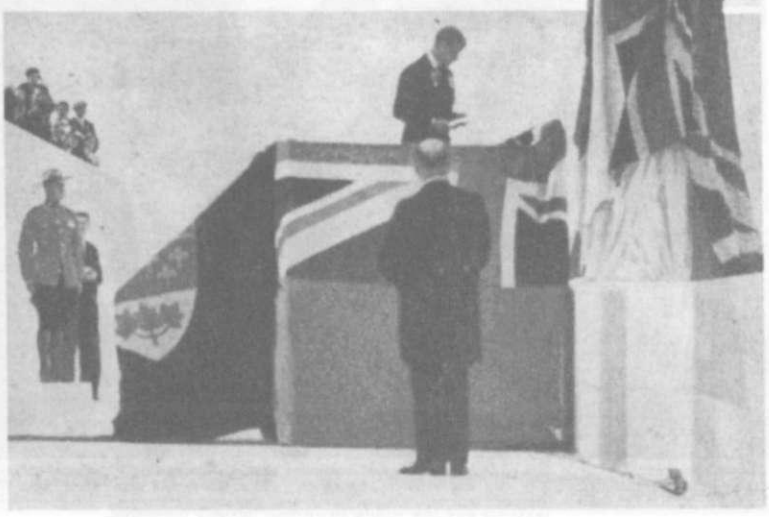
Photos, E.N.A. and Keystone

On Vimy's Hill Sacred to Canada Hitler Triumphs



On July 26, 1936, King Edward VIII, accompanied by President Lebrun, unveiled the Canadian National War Memorial on Vimy Ridge (below ; air photo of ceremony, above). Four years later, after the Nazi triumph in the Battle of France, the Memorial was visited by Hitler accompanied by General Keitel (left).

ONE of the most glorious achievements of the Canadian Army in April 1917 was the storming of Vimy Ridge, and on the Ridge was erected a glorious monument on soil, as King Edward described it, "that is as surely Canada's as any acre within her nine provinces." The Memorial commemorates the sacrifice of 60,000 of the 600,000 soldiers of Canada's Expeditionary Force—as great a number, incidentally, as were killed of the 2,000,000 and more Frenchmen engaged in the Battle of France which ended in the surrender of June 1940.



Photos, Topical, Wide World, Keystone

How the Nazis Broke France's Fortress Line

From time immemorial Man has sheltered in fortresses designed to withstand a long siege and to resist the strongest weapons of the age. Though every great war in Europe for generations past has shown up the futility of the fortress against heavy artillery, skilfully handled, military engineers continued to construct such systems. Here is the story from German sources of the taking of Maubeuge.

ONE of the major surprises of the German advance through France and Flanders was the comparative ease with which the enemy subdued or isolated some of the huge fortresses constructed by the French and Belgians especially to halt—if not to hold up—the Nazi advance. Profiting, presumably, from the lessons of the First Great War, the military engineers took steps to render these strongholds "impregnable." The latest resources of the civil engineer were employed—immensely strong steel and concrete construction; deep underground chambers for the personnel, ventilated and air-conditioned so that men might live safely in them for weeks; all the most advanced mechanical equipment for working the armament and feeding the guns. The fortress systems were planned so that by cross-fire one fort could aid its neighbour, and in fact all that science could do was done to strengthen these works.

The fortress idea was extended to the entire frontier between France and Germany. France constructed her Maginot Line, and Germany in emulation built the Westwall. Along the Franco-Belgian frontier extended a lighter zone of defences that has been called the "semi-Maginot Line." Here, then, were the fortifications that should have rendered France safe against the Nazis.

Along the Maginot Line were individual fortresses that had existed for many years, and had been specially modernized. One of these was Maubeuge, which in the First Great War had been invested on August 25, 1914, and had capitulated on September 7; during this period it had immobilized the German VII Reserve Corps, but after its surrender only two battalions had been needed to act as garrison, and the rest of the corps was freed for the attack on the French army. It might well have been expected that the modernized Maubeuge would put up a better show.

The Onslaught on Maubeuge

After the Nazis secured passage over the Maastricht bridges, across the Meuse and the Albert Canal (May 11), they pushed on and isolated Liége (May 13), subduing a number of the forts and continuing their advance southward. (Photos in page 689 show how the Nazis dealt with Eben Eymael, one of the Liége forts.) Namur was reached and isolated by May 15, and the enemy was able to cross the Upper Meuse in several places. A salient was forced in the Allied line near Sedan (May 16) and quickly widened out until it extended as far as Maubeuge (by May 18), its loop running near Rethel, Laon, St. Quentin, Le Cateau and Landrecies. The enemy then turned westward, after breaking through, and there ensued the "Battle of the Bulge."

Maubeuge, then, played a vital part in these events. Had the fortress been able to offer a prolonged resistance the course of history might have been different. What actually happened is suggested by the photos from German sources in the opposite page. The town of Maubeuge was taken by storm troops on May 21. German aeroplanes destroyed numbers of tanks with which the French had hoped to stay the enemy onrush.

A terrific artillery bombardment was directed at the forts, and aeroplanes dropped large-calibre bombs. Under cover of the artillery support the German storm troops crept nearer. Taking advantage of natural cover afforded by trees and the undulating nature of the ground the artillery, both heavy and light, was able to get within less than a mile of the perimeter of the defensive system, and eventually the main forts were silenced. Most of the barbed wire had been broken down by the bombardment; and the infantry, with "pioneers" or field engineers, thus approached the forts.

A terrible scene of destruction met their gaze. The massive concrete walls had cracked like nutshells, and the steel reinforcing bars protruded. The cupola of the fort—formed of 11-inch armour plate—was gouged out as if it had been a piece of cheese, and was twisted and torn under the impact of the giant shells.

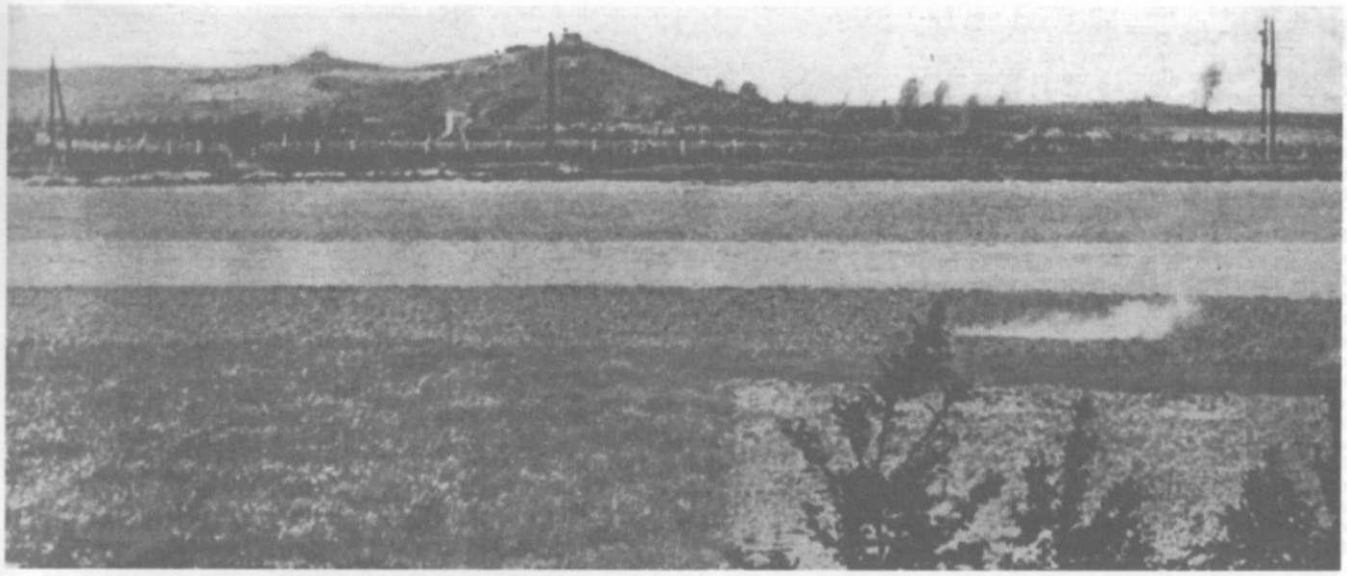
Forts or posts that continued to resist were attacked by the infantry. Unless the defenders promptly surrendered they were next dealt with by the field engineers, who piled sandbags to block up the entrance; laid a heavy charge of explosive, and fired it. If this did not suffice, holes were bored in the walls and dynamite exploded to shatter the structure. Systematically all the outlying posts were reduced, and by May 24 this giant fortress of the Maginot system had capitulated.

In effect, two days earlier, Maubeuge had ceased to impede the German onrush. So fell this modern wonder of ferro-concrete, on whose staying power and that of others so much hope had been based.

It seems that the French people had been afflicted with what has been called "Maginot folly," and were lulled into a false security. Borrowing from the terminology of A.R.P., we might almost say that "deep-shelter mentality" was responsible for bringing about the collapse of the French defence.

This photograph from a German source shows some of the defenders of Maubeuge being marched off as prisoners of war after the capture of the town. The Germans admitted that not only the fortress but the whole town was fiercely defended.

'Cracked like Nutshells' by the German Fire



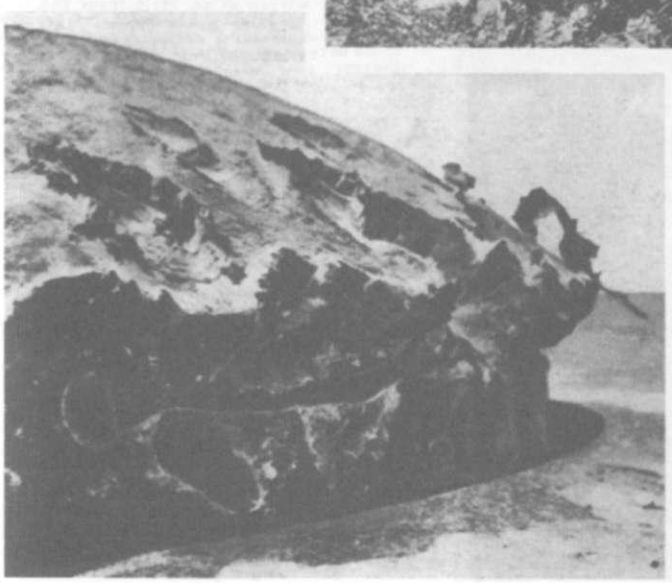
This photograph, like others in this page depicting scenes in the capture of Maubeuge, is from a German source. It shows the post known as Des Sarts, one of the outlying forts that continued to offer a determined resistance after the fall of the main fortress at Maubeuge. At last, however, its heroic garrison had to surrender (photo, bottom right).

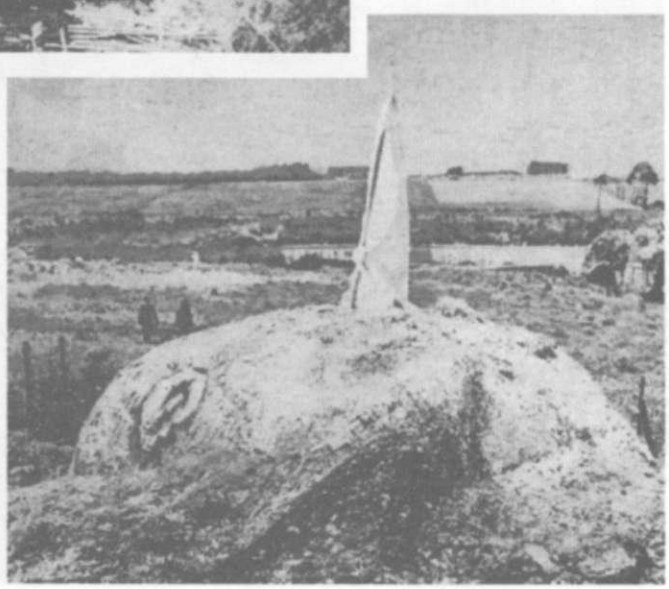
Left is seen the devastating effect of artillery fire and of the explosion of demolition charges laid by the field engineers who accompanied the storm troops in the assault on Maubeuge. When isolated machine-gun posts refused to surrender they were destroyed by explosives which "cracked the concrete structures as if they were nutshells."

Below is seen the cupola of one of the forts at Maubeuge, after the building had been destroyed by German artillery fire. According to the German account it was crippled by two direct hits, while other shots tore huge pieces from the 11-inch-thick metal. This massive steel dome could be rotated so as to bring the guns to bear, and it also had a rise-and-fall movement.

Beaten down by overwhelming force, the brave defenders of Des Sarts hoist the white flag of surrender (below). With most of its turrets put out of action and its guns silenced by the terrific hail of shell fire, the garrison had then to meet the frenzied onrush of the storm troops, and the field engineers were making ready to blow up the structure when at last the fort gave in.

(*From "Die Wehrmacht"*)





There Was Little Left in St. Malo for the Nazis

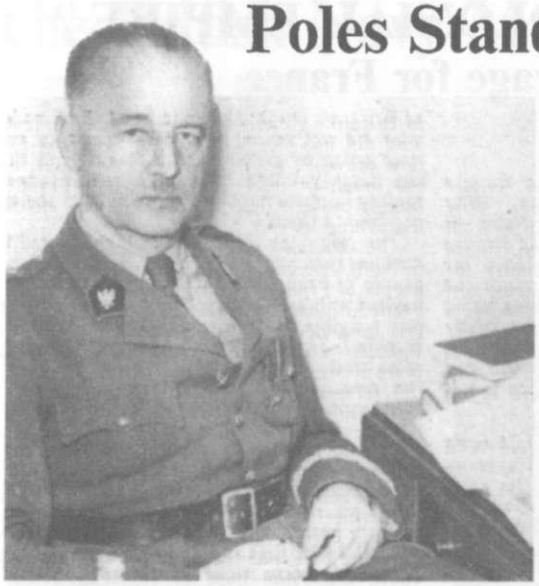
HEROISM of a remarkable kind was displayed in the evacuation of St. Malo, the famous port and tourist centre on the Brittany coast, just as the German troops drew near. The scene was described by Mr. Le Marquand, owner of an auxiliary yacht, when he returned to a British port. "I saw the total destruction of the harbour after all the British troops had been safely evacuated on June 18. The Germans were then reported to be fast approaching, but the British naval officer in charge of the demolition party was amazingly cool. He would not allow his men to take any risks—he stood alone in the open to watch the destruction. Once, when four charges were ignited, it was doubtful whether all had exploded. The men were definite that three had, but some of them wanted to venture into the danger zone to see what had happened to the fourth. The officer refused to allow them to leave cover. A few seconds later a deafening explosion from the fourth charge hurled portions of dock gates into the air. Amid all this, the officer still took no cover, but stood alone while all the debris was flying about and dropping all around him. He seemed to have a charmed life."

Above is a view of St. Malo from the last British ship that left; a petrol dump fired by the British is going up in flames. Left is some of the equipment of lorries saved from the port and brought over on the deck of a steamer.

Photos, "Daily Mirror" and Keystone

A GLOWING tribute was paid to the work of the British demolition party at St. Malo by the Countess de Pret. She had escaped from Belgium and was doing Red Cross work in France at the time of the German invasion. She eventually got from St. Malo to Brest in a small English yacht. The Countess said: "After all the scenes of panic in France it was wonderful to see the calmness with which the British officers and soldiers carried out their duties at St. Malo. Although the Germans were within a few miles, the British made a thorough job of the demolition of St. Malo harbour. They blew up everything, and the harbour will be out of use for at least two years. We also learned that the British had made Cherbourg useless as a port and had destroyed the harbour works there. . . . In France there was complete lack of organization. It was an inspiring contrast to land in England and to find everyone so calm and well disciplined."

Poles Stand Unyielding By Britain's Side



General Sikorski, who, after his arrival in London from France with the reconstituted Polish Army, specially posed for the photograph above. Right, the King greeting M. Raczkiewicz, the Polish President, on the latter's arrival in London from the South of France on June 21, 1940.

IN a broadcast to the Polish people from London on June 24, 1940, General Sikorski said: "At a time when the great body of our armies, safely back from France, is landing on the shores of Great Britain I would like to declare solemnly, in the name of the Polish Republic, that, animated by an indomitable will, we shall continue to fight shoulder to shoulder with the powerful British Empire for a free and independent Poland. A new phase of our armed effort is opened before the Polish Army, closely linked by its brotherhood of arms with the British Army. Together with our great British Ally we shall carry on in this effort. Our place today is in the line of battle. We are fulfilling our alliance with Great Britain. The Polish nation will persevere in the struggle against Germany to the end. The Polish units who took part in the battle for France fought with the utmost gallantry, earning the admiration of friends and the respect of the foe. Poland was the first country to fall victim to the enemy. Today, in spite of tremendous losses and enormous hardships, she remains the loyal ally of Great Britain. We have unshakable confidence in victory. The iron will of Great Britain to continue the struggle is subject to no doubt. Standing unyieldingly at her side, we shall win, bringing to you—and to Europe—deliverance."

The Polish troops in France were eventually evacuated in two transports, which carried also a number of civilian refugees. Above, one of the ships is alongside the quay at a port in the West of England and the men are streaming down the gangway. They were in high spirits despite the latest misfortune that had befallen them; and the Poles being a music-loving people, one of the first incidents after the arrival was an impromptu sing-song accompanied by two accordions, left.

Photos, E.N.A., Keystone, "News Chronicle," and G.P.U.

WHAT OF THE FRENCH COLONIAL EMPIRE?

The Possibilities of its Salvage for France

June 30, 1940

By The Editor

AT the moment of writing—God knows what the next news bulletin will tell us—the only hope of a France resurgent would seem to lie in Africa. It is worth remembering that Europe once narrowly escaped conquest from North Africa when the Moors brought to Spain, and even to some parts of Mediterranean France, a civilization in many ways superior to and assuredly more benign than that of Germany today, and far more vigorous than that which, for seven centuries, it displaced in the Iberian peninsula. And, now, if only Scipio's historic "Carry the war into Africa" could be reversed to "Carry on from Africa" and the French colonies there rally to the eventual salvation of France! . . . If only!

The flag of France has been hauled down in all her European lands and even in Syria. Much of "the pleasant land of France" is now, and is likely to remain in the lifetime of most of us, both old and young, under the shadow of the Swastika. Such "honourable" freedom as she may exercise will be limited by the behests of her bosses in Berlin.

Let us make no mistake about that!

The octogenarian defeatist Marshal Pétain and his group of corrupt politicians who sold France into German serfdom on June 22 are the uttermost enemies of their own country that have ever appeared in its long and tempestuous history. Sorrow must mingle with indignation for the dreadful fate that has brought the name of one who once stood high in military skill and valour into everlasting reproach and abomination as his too-long life closes. A true soldier would have chosen a less inglorious ending.

THESE men around Pétain, at the moment of their country's greatest trial, were offered indissoluble friendship with their British allies—a magnificent gesture worthy of our great leader's vision and decision—Franco-British citizenship for all Frenchmen, equal status with all free men of Britain who are prepared to die rather than to bow beneath the Nazi yoke—they, *les misérables*, refused: some, like Pétain, from sheer senility; others, like Laval, because their known traitorous leanings to Fascism and the idea of a Latin block (France, Italy, Spain) meant the saving of their skins and perhaps their money-bags.

At the most critical moment in modern history these self-imposed leaders of unhappy, heroic France were content to acknowledge that something less than 300,000 Nazis in armed vehicles, on motor bicycles, in aeroplanes, had overcome what for years we have been told was "the finest army in Europe"—the mobilized Five Million of France. It is hard for a mind still sane to give credence to such a débâcle: but the facts are inexorable.

Will French Leadership Revive?

FRENCH leadership is dead—in France. It must revive elsewhere—in Britain or in some foreign soil where the tricolor has not been hauled down. If not . . . then, indeed, a final farewell to the great France of history. Let that be understood. Nor is that a new thing: it is an old, old story. Historians are familiar with it through the ages.

When the spirit of old Rome was dying in the capital, the great province of Africa, where man had to be self-reliant and softness did not pay, was still vigorous and offering fight to the barbarian; even the noble art of the serious theatre was flourishing in Timgad when it had degenerated into buffoonery at Rome. When Babylon was declining, more than a thousand years before, its one-time colony of Nineveh was rising in grandeur as the head of the powerful (though historically sterile) Assyrian Empire—soon to overwhelm the motherland. Why should not a French Colonial Empire—if need be, independent of a Nazi-ruled France—arise today in power and potentiality far exceeding anything that will ever come out of France herself when she finally accepts the Peace terms—terms that will be vastly less "honourable" than the infamous Armistice conditions? Why not? We can at least hope that the spirit of France is not utterly extinguished.

THOUGH Mittelhauser in Syria has laid down his arms at the behest of the Bordeaux defeatists, Nogués, the successor of the great Lyautey in North Africa—despite the news of the alleged disarming of the Algerian forces—may yet prove of sterner stuff, and Britain can in due time look after any Fifth Column Syria which might prove a menace to the British Empire in the Near East.

Before I have finished the writing of this article the wireless may tell me that these hopes are vain . . . that the French débâcle is worse than I had dared to think. In such

Pétain: He Saved Paris—and Lost France
Photo, Sport and General

case nothing would remain for Britain but to regain for France, with the aid of such legions as General de Gaulle can rally, those Mediterranean lands which must be occupied and administered by a power friendly to Great Britain, as the British Empire begins to crumble on the day that the Mediterranean becomes for us a forbidden sea. And a catastrophe which Malcolm MacDonald, to my unforgotten horror, once envisaged—the not distant disintegration of our Empire—would have definitely begun.

Let Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India—yes, even Egypt and Eire—recall his words and resolve that such a sundering of the Commonwealth shall not be if their individual effort can help to prevent it. "United we stand," divided . . .

THERE are no doubt many, like myself, at a time of life when ease and comfort should have been earned, who could still acquire both by sneaking off to America—California calls!—but are well content to see both disappear and to spurn those chances of escape from financial ruin and personal hardship still open to us, in order to see the Battle of Britain through, if so be we survive the ordeal. For, again make no mistake, that battle is about to be engaged.

From the window where I write these words I can see a long line of Martello towers—those sturdy little strong points erected in 1804 when Napoleon was preparing his fleet in Boulogne to invade England. These picturesque remnants of Britain's preparedness to meet the invaders who did not come 136 years ago may even now prove of greater value to England than the much-vaunted Maginot Line to France—mainly because nobody is dreaming of sheltering behind them!

The Maginot Line, on which incredible millions that might have benefited the common people of France were squandered by muddle-headed militarists, passes into history with the less tangible, but no less valuable, South Sea Bubble. The Great Wall of China proved far more useful in its day, not to say Hadrian's, the remains of which we can still visit in Northumberland. But happily the French in Africa—North, West, and Equatorial—finely organized, as all of us who have travelled these countries can testify, have no Maginot Line to mesmerize them into false security. They have officers and men and native levies of real fighting power, all splendidly organized, fit to meet the best that Italy can pit against them. There lies some hope of resurgence. If it fails, France indeed has reached the end of the road, and is properly personified in the piteous figure of Pétain.

"France Is Lost Without Britain"

IT was once my fortune to take a long journey with the French general commanding the forces in Algeria. I have never forgotten the earnest manner in which he said "Britain and France must stand together, or France is lost." Note that he did not say "Britain was lost." He knew that Germany then—when Hitler was merely an obscure political agitator in Munich—was already planning day and night to be revenged on France. And his own people and the British were comfortably ignoring most that was going on. Especially he told me that the French people, unlike the British, despised their colonial kin.

"A Frenchman goes to one of our colonies solely to make money. Rarely to stay. Not even in the lovely environment of Mustapha at Algiers, or at Carthage, the suburb of Tunis, or at Rabat in Morocco or in the charming new French suburb at Fez—oh, no, Paris, Marseilles, or whichever his home town may be, is where his heart is and where he means one day to return."

"And why so," I asked, "for I should be happy to live in almost any of these North African places?"

"Because in France to remain a 'colonial' is to be an inferior Frenchman. A Lyonnais who has to go to Fez to make his fortune must justify himself by returning one day with his fortune to Lyons."

FRESH from all the loveliness of the Mustapha villas, and already well acquainted with the beauties of Morocco and certain French homes at Marrakesh, this came with something of a shock. It accounted for the anxious look in the eye of this earnest, able and highly intelligent French general when he said that without Britain France was "done." And that was sixteen years ago!

Not even now is France without Britain; but it would be sheer idiocy to say that she has not betrayed Britain. Not the France *au cœur*, not the France of her fine, intrepid colonial commanders and hard-bitten warriors, but her rotten politicians—the very class that sneered at her own "colonials." It may be that the day of the colonial is at hand and that the motherland will be succoured in her hour of trial by the despised and rejected. That she can ever regain her position as one of the puissant powers of the world is open to doubt; that her colonial empire may save her from sinking to the status of a minor power if it acts in full accord with the British Empire is (at the moment of writing) still a possibility.

The British Navy Moved—and Hitler Lost a Fleet

BRITAIN SEIZES THE FRENCH FLEET

Ministry of Information Statement, July 4, 1940

It will be recalled that the French Government, relying upon the promises of Germany and Italy not to use her Fleet against France's former Ally, undertook by the terms of the armistice to allow their Fleet to pass into the hands of the enemy.

His Majesty's Government, having lost all faith in promises made by the Governments of Germany and Italy, felt that they were compelled, not only in their own interests, but also in the hope of restoring the independence of France and the integrity of the French Empire, to take steps to ensure that the French Fleet should not be used against them by the common enemy.

With this object in view steps were taken in the early morning of July 3 to place all French men-of-war in British ports under British control.

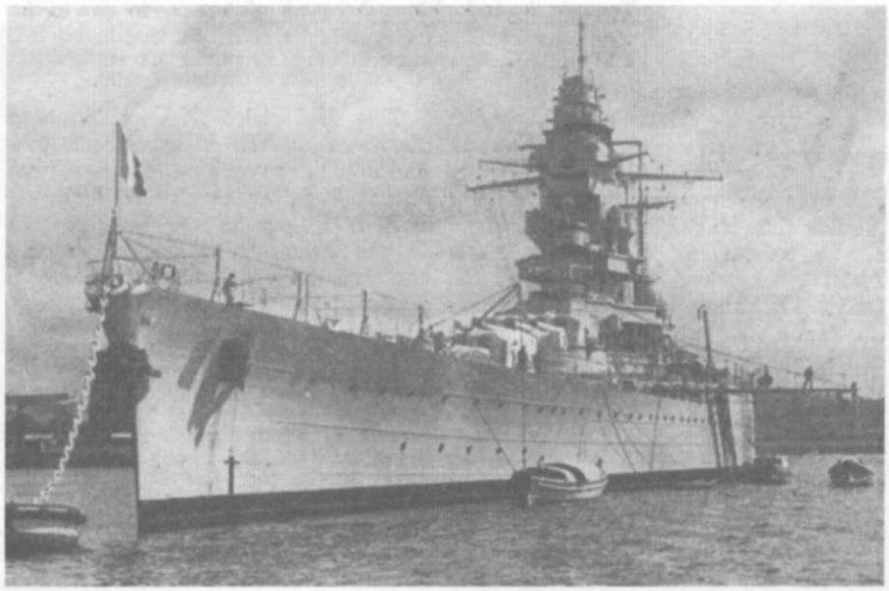
At the same time French vessels in ports of North Africa were offered certain conditions designed solely for the purpose of keeping them out of German hands.

It was explained to the officer in command that if none of these conditions were accepted Great Britain was prepared to take every step in order to ensure that none of these vessels should be used against her.

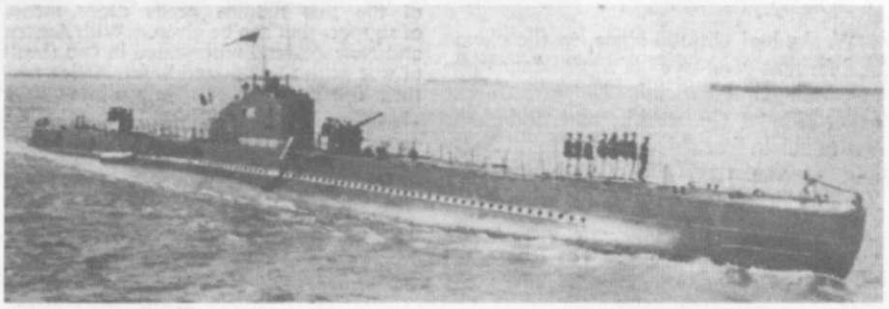
His Majesty's Government deeply regret that the French admiral in command at Oran refused to accept any of the conditions proposed, with the inevitable result that action had to be taken.

From The Premier's Statement :

The Premier stated that, having taken over nearly 220 French warships in British ports, it was " with sincere sorrow " he had to announce the drastic measures taken in North African waters. At Oran a British battle squadron fired on the " Dunkerque," " Strasbourg " and other warships. The desired result was achieved and no British ship was affected. Ships at Alexandria were forbidden to leave harbour.

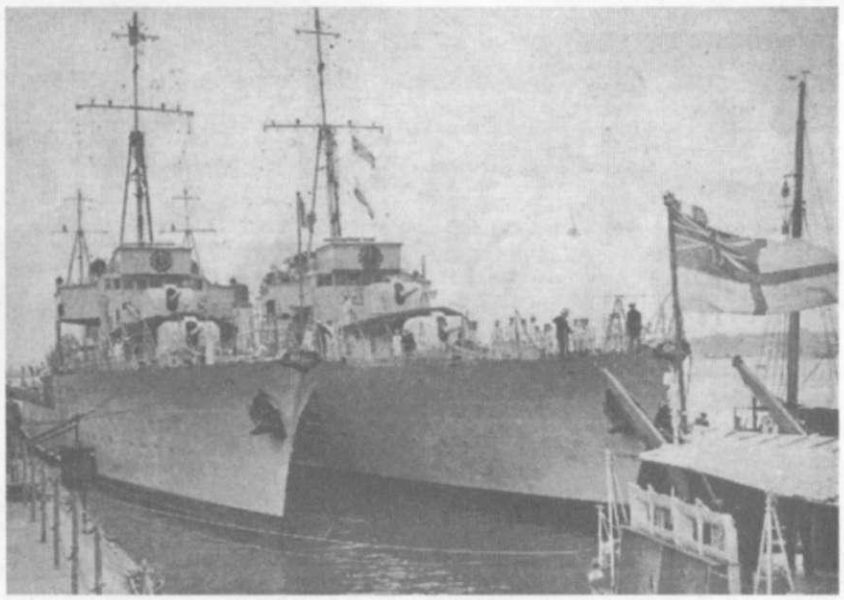


The battleship " Dunkerque " was the first of two new ships of the same class to be launched. She has a displacement of 26,500 tons, a speed of 29·5 knots, and carries a normal complement of 1,381. Her main armament is eight 13-in. guns. She was completed in October 1935, and at the outbreak of war her sister ship, the [" Strasbourg,"] was also with the French fleet. The " Dunkerque " was so heavily damaged in the fighting at Oran on July 3 that she was put out of action for many months. One vessel of the " Strasbourg " class ran ashore and was damaged ; another slipped out of harbour and was hit by an aerial torpedo. Left, seen from the stern of another ship is the French aircraft-carrier " Bearn." She is a ship of 22,146 tons, carrying 40 'planes; originally built as a battleship but converted to her present purpose in 1923-1927.



At the beginning of the war France was strong in submarines, having 78 against the British Navy's 57. Above is the " Henri Poincare," one of 30 of the Redoubtable class. She has a surface displacement of 1,384 tons and carries eleven 21·7-in. torpedo tubes. Her complement is 67. So successful did this type prove that 30 of them were built. It was stated on July 4 that some French submarines, including one large one, were taken under control in British harbours.

Photos, L.N.A., Associated Press, Wide World



The " Georges Leygues," left, is one of France's smaller cruisers and she has five sister ships. She is of 7,600 tons and her main armament consists of nine 6-in. guns, while she carries eight 3·5-in. and eight 13-mm. A.A. guns. She has an aircraft catapult and carries four 'planes. Her speed is 31 knots and her complement is 540. Right are two French destroyers, the " Chacal " and the " Leopard," both of 2,126 tons, photographed during a pre-war visit to Portsmouth. By chance the White Ensign is flying close to them. **For a complete statement of the French Navy see Vol. 2, page 710.**

From 'Down Under' to the Defence of the Homeland

Towards the end of June thousands of Anzacs—to give to the Australians and New Zealanders of today the name immortalized by the gallantry of their fathers at Gallipoli and on the Somme—came ashore in Britain to help in the defence of the country which to them is the Motherland.

"WHERE'S this war?" demanded a strapping Australian as he marched down the gangway from the troopship and stepped for the first time on English soil. "Is there a war on here?" shouted the New Zealanders as they, too, drew near the quay. Then they poured ashore in their thousands, felt-hatted giants from the cattle ranges and the sheep runs, from the splendid cities and the little country towns of "Down Under." Superb in physique, splendidly armed and equipped, filled to overflowing with the high spirits traditionally associated with the men of the Dominions—right indeed was Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, Under-Secretary for the Dominions, when he said in his welcoming speech that "there will be a thrill in every heart when they learn that this magnificent body of men has arrived." Then in significant phrase he went on, "I pity your enemies, and I congratulate those fortunate enough to fight by your side."

Weeks had elapsed since, to the cheers and fervent good-byes of a vast concourse of people, they had left the ports on the other side of the world; and under the "sure shield" of ships of the Royal Navy and of the navies of Australia, New Zealand and Canada, they had made what proved to be an altogether uneventful passage. As one of their officers put it, "All the way across we have had no trouble, no incidents. We owe the Navy a tremendous debt. Our convoy was a fine target all the way over, but no enemy dared to attack us. There is no doubt who rules the seas."

They had called at Cape Town and Freetown on the West African coast, and now after voyaging eleven or twelve thousand miles they had arrived in Britain at one of the greatest hours in the Empire's history. As soon as the ships arrived a message of greeting was read to them from the King:

A few months ago I sent some words of welcome to the first contingents of the Second Australian Imperial Force and the New Zealand Expeditionary Force when they disembarked in the Middle East. It has fallen to your lot to come to the United Kingdom itself, and as you take your place beside us you find us in the forefront of the battle. To all I give a warm welcome, knowing the stern purpose that brings you from your distant homes. I send you my best wishes and I look forward to visiting you soon.

After his Majesty's message had been read, the General Officer commanding the disembarkation area read a message from Mr. Anthony Eden, Minister of War:

You come at a timely hour. The cause of the free nations needs every measure of support that can be given. With Australia and New Zealand represented in two theatres of war, with Canada and South Africa taking their full part, we can now present to our enemy a truly imperial front—a front which, as he has learned from experience in the past, has never been, and never will be, broken by him.

The messages were received with cheers—and the messengers, let it be added, were given a reception, particularly by the Australians, which was described as boisterous! The spirit of the newcomers was well shown in the words of the New Zealand commander as he acknowledged the greetings. "We have entered the fight," said Brigadier Hargest, "boots and all!"

Then the legions of the Anzacs—including a detachment of Maoris who as they landed sang their battalion song, written on the voyage by Corporal Amohau—came ashore, entered the waiting trains and were sent on their way to their camps in the country. Both the commanders, it may be noted—Major-General H. G. Wynter, of the Australians, and Brigadier J. Hargest, M.P., Commander of the New Zealanders—served with the Anzacs in the Great War, and here and there amongst the officers and rankers of both contingents were to be found veterans who had met the Germans in the last war and were anxious to meet them in this. One of the men as he came up the gangway was carrying a German helmet which he had captured twenty years before: "I have come back to look for its owner," he told those who inquired about his trophy.

As it was in 1900, as it was again in 1914-1918, so it is yet again in 1940. Australia and New Zealand will both "be there."

Victor Blanco, centre, who is with the Australian Contingent in Great Britain, may be said to have come from the depths of the ocean to fight, for "in private life" he is a pearl diver. He is here doing a war dance. One of the first desires of the Anzacs on landing was for newspapers, and, left, Australians are devouring the news after disembarkation. Right, a New Zealander has found a willing guide in a London messenger boy.

Photos, Wide World, Central Press and Associated Press

Smiles, Cheers, Thumbs Up from the Dominions

Among the New Zealand troops that arrived in Britain at the end of June there was a large contingent of Maoris. Some sturdy warriors of that fine race are here seen leaning over the rail of the transport that brought them to this country.

At the battle of the Plate the "Ajax," two-thirds of the crew of whom were New Zealanders, gave a fine account of herself. Centre, are men of the New Zealand R.N.V.R., who were welcomed on June 25 at a British port by the High Commissioner for the Dominion, Mr. W. J. Jordan.

The Australian troops that reached our shores at the end of June were in high spirits. Here Australians are giving cheers for the King; in the foreground are the nurses who came with them.

Photos, Photographic News Agency and Fox

Nov. 11, 1918
June 21, 1940

How Great Was France

How Low Is She Fallen Now!

Twenty-two years after Foch's victory, the France of Pétain places herself beneath the heel of Hitler

IN the heart of the Forest of Compiègne there is a glade which will ever be associated with the most triumphant and most tragic moments in the history of modern France.

When it first catches the historian's eye the trees which surround it are bare and gaunt in their winter nakedness. The wan sun has not yet risen, but there is enough light to distinguish the dark shape of a railway coach. Up the steps of this coach, still before dawn, proceed the plenipotentiaries of triumphant France and her ally, Britain, and soon they are followed by the emissaries of that Germany which, after four years of terrific battle, has now been beaten to the ground. Soon they are grouped within about the table, and under the stern eyes of Foch and Wemyss the German delegates put their signatures to their country's

Our Munitions are 'Vital to the Nation & the World'

On June 27 Mr. Herbert Morrison reported to the House of Commons on the first seven weeks of his tenure of the Ministry of Supply, "a task," as he said, "of very vital importance to the nation and indeed to the world." His speech told of an encouraging spurt in production, and some of his main points are given here.

IN recounting progress and production, said Mr. Morrison, he could not and ought not to give figures as to specific items but he was able to reveal something of the energetic measures taken to speed up all branches of supply.

Standardized Tank Production

WITH regard to the problem of tanks, we must remember that the strategy of the war was based in the spring of 1939 on a small army overseas, and the tank for a Continental army was a different tank from what would be required somewhere else.

There was no clarification of what we wanted. The list of tanks we were making was a very wide list.

Therefore the Tank Board made a recommendation which the Secretary for War and I thought was right—namely, that military opinion of what was broadly wanted must come, so far as possible, through one focal point. The question of design will be for the Board to decide; then they must go ahead and produce it.

Tanks, in any case, cannot be produced at once. While a tank is not a warship, it is more like a warship than it is like a wheelbarrow. Production is bound to take time.

Therefore it was decided to concentrate in the meantime upon the greatest possible output of those tanks which had proved satisfactory

I have insisted that there must be no overelaboration of design. Frills and fancy pieces are not vital. Some standardization was essential to quick production.

A New Weapon by the Million

On June 19, only a week ago, I gave orders for very large quantities—millions—of a certain weapon.

Already the output has reached nearly a quarter of a million a week—between four and five times the previous production, and that output will grow.

I think these facts are encouraging.

I am not going to say things are satisfactory. They could not be satisfactory in the circumstances of the case. I can only say they are coming nearer and nearer to satisfaction as the days pass along.

INCREASES IN PRODUCTION

Monthly rate, June over April

Cruiser and infantry tanks ...	115 per cent
Guns (two items)	50 per cent
Guns (one item)	228 per cent
Small Arms	40 per cent to 186 per cent
Ammunition	35 per cent to 420 per cent

Big Orders for Materials

THE main element in supply is raw material, and this is a very extensive function of the Ministry.

Broadly speaking, the position can be described as satisfactory. **We recently placed very big orders in America and elsewhere for raw materials, and I have given instructions that it is better to be on the safe side and have too much rather than too little.**

We have to face the consequence of a possible siege.

As for machine tools, the sources of supply are manufacturers here, second-hand machines in dealers' hands, and American and foreign producers of new and second-hand machines.

Our importation of machine tools from abroad is reaching a very great figure. It is at the rate of over £1,500,000 per month.

A census of the use of machine tools has been taken to make the best use of idle plant. A return of the results of that census is at present under classification.

Production the First Consideration

AT the beginning of the life of the present Government, Parliament gave us wide and sweeping powers over persons and property. I am not going to use these powers in pursuit of any particular pet theory of the Right or Left.

What I want is production. That is the real consideration.

Orders to Empire and U.S.A.

IN our imports of munitions from the Empire and the United States, we have to get the maximum possible abroad, and we have a comprehensive programme for purchases from abroad.

Orders totalling £5,000,000 have been placed in Canada in the last few weeks.

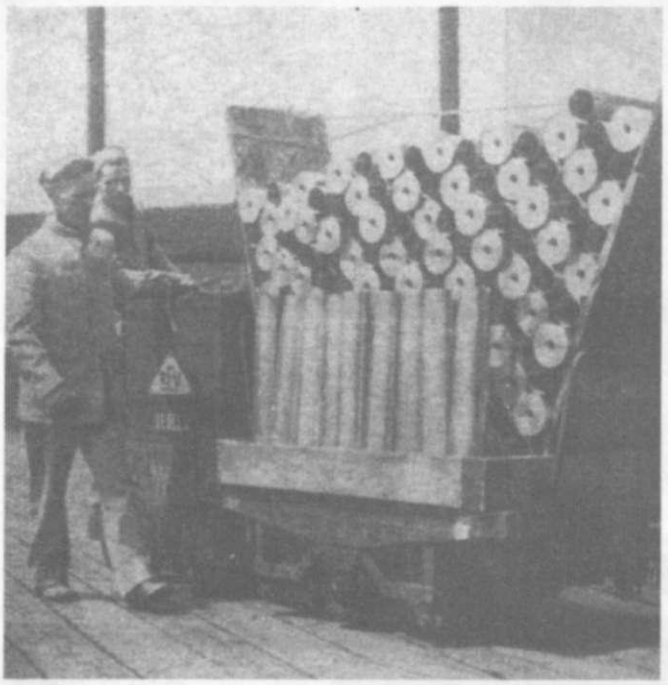
Australia is sending immediately small arms ammunition, bombs, shells and fuses, and all the available capacity of India is being taken up.

We have concentrated quite properly on immediate things and immediate production for the next few months.

But we are not going to forget the longer view, for we all hope that this period of the last few weeks will change, and we must have a long-term policy and we must think of an offensive as well as a defensive policy.

Mr. Herbert Morrison's clarion call to the nation has resulted in enormous increases in munitions; the production of various types of tanks, e.g., has been more than doubled. One of the tanks is seen above undergoing tests. Top, Mr. Morrison. *Photos, Fox and Topical Press*

'Go To It!' is the Munition Workers' Slogan



The truckload of 3·7-in. anti-aircraft shell-cases in the photograph, above, is being taken to a filling room. Later the cordite cartridge, primer and fuse will be added, these operations being known as the "complete round." Top right, a typical munition worker; formerly she made ladies' hats, but now she stamps shell-cases.

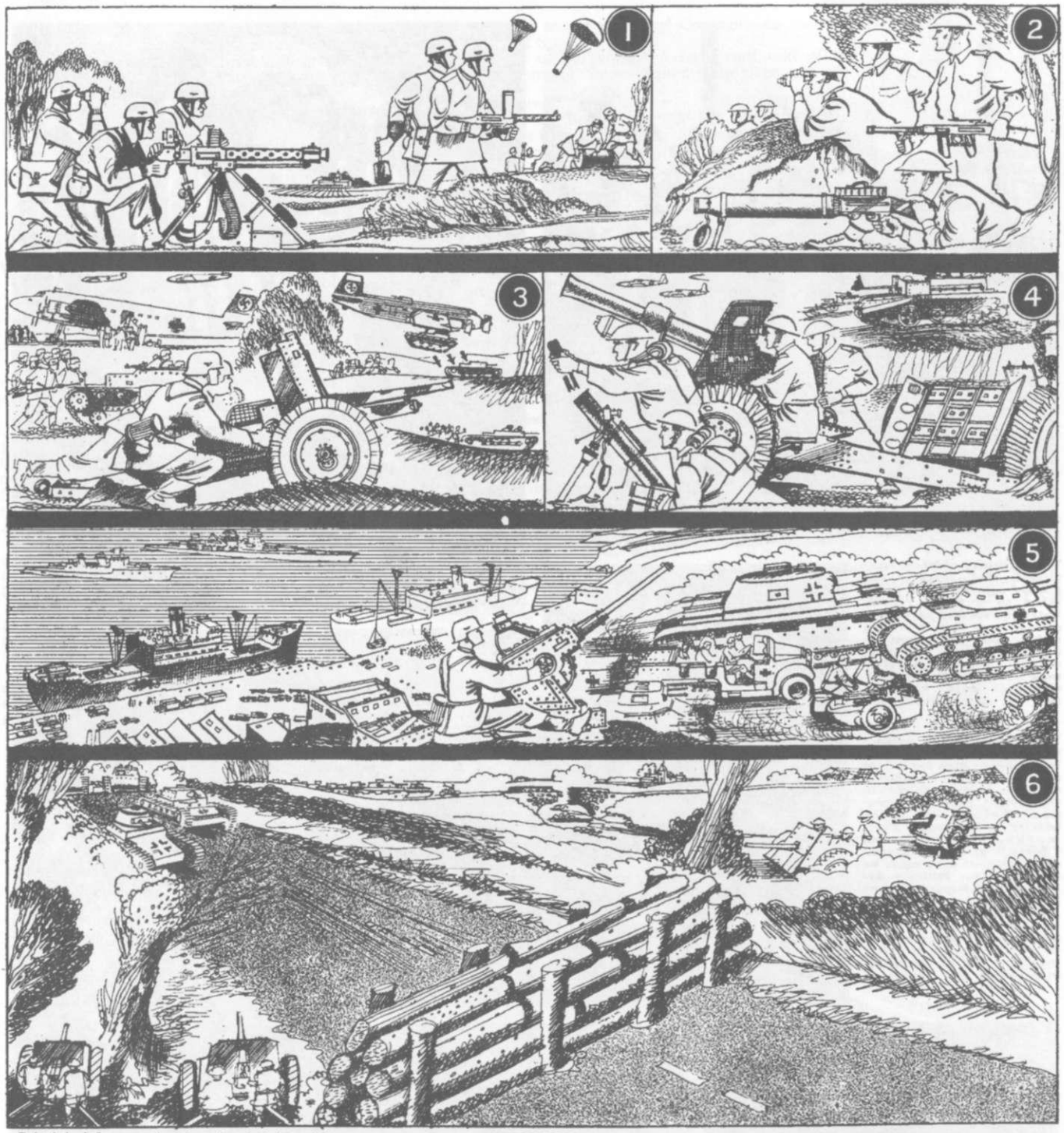
The most careful precautions must be taken at factories where high explosives are handled to guard against anything being brought in that might cause an explosion. Below, left, is the barrier to the danger zone, marked "Clean" and "Dirty," at which special shoes without nails must be donned. The Military Assistant to the Superintendent is seen being fitted with them. Below, right, the pockets of a worker are being felt by a searcher to discover if there is any metal object in them. In his hand the man holds his packet of sandwiches.

Photos, Topical

Some of the famous Spitfire fighters are being assembled in the workshop. The photograph is from the official film "Behind the Guns," showing Britain's war effort.

AFTER Mr. Herbert Morrison had given the House of Commons figures of the increased output of munitions, quoted in page 16, he added: "I think the House will agree that, so far as these figures go, they show an encouraging spurt in production during these critical weeks. I do not claim that the credit for this entirely belongs to me. It belongs to the organization of the Ministry, and particularly it belongs to the fine response which the working people of the country have given to the appeals of Ministers and their response to the actions of Hitler and the most serious situation in France."

'If the Invader Comes'—How He Will Be Repulsed



Britain's defence against invasion falls into three main parts :

(A) Timely warning by our air forces of impending enemy action ; preparation at points likely to be threatened first or mainly ; air and sea action against the invaders on the sea and in the air.

(B) Defence of our coastline by fixed and mobile artillery and by aircraft ; naval operations against transports and enemy escorts by our naval forces based on ports, to prevent or limit enemy landings ; shore defence by our land forces, mobile bodies of whom would be rushed to threatened points to reinforce the troops normally massed there ; defence against aerial landings : L.D.V. patrols by night (perhaps later by day), backed up by patrolling units of the regular forces.

(C) Action against any troops landed by the Nazis. Roads would be blocked and defended ; threatened areas would be evacuated of most civilians and brought under military control. Zonal rather than linear defences are probable, and any forces securing a foothold would be isolated and dealt with piecemeal after they had penetrated a little way into the country.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*

OFFENCE

Stage 1.

Parachute troops would be dropped followed by parachute containers with machine-gun, sub-machine-guns, dynamite and ammunition, etc. These troops would be intended to take and hold a given piece of country until reinforcements arrived.

Stage 3.

Large troop-carrying 'planes full of heavily armed shock troops would then arrive. Some of the 'planes would carry light field artillery and heavier types of machine-guns. The Nazis are supposed to have dropped small tanks from the air in Holland. If this is so they would probably be introduced at this stage.

Stage 5.

Assuming that the Germans were able to hold off our defenders, and if they were able to take possession of a harbour or landing ground, they would bring in troop-ships and supply ships. To do this, of course, would mean facing our Navy, including submarine and torpedo boats, not to mention our heavy bombers. If successful they would then try to land medium and super-heavy tanks and various types of artillery. One of the first would be anti-aircraft guns to keep our bombers away whilst they rushed mechanized transport along the roads.

DEFENCE

Stage 2.

Local Defence Volunteers, having spotted the Germans, would give the alarm, and regular troops, armed with service rifles, tommy-guns and Lewis guns, could be rushed to the spot in fast trucks.

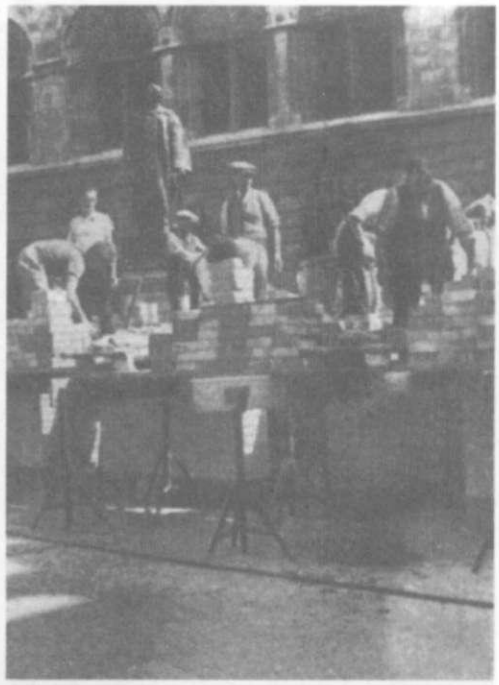
Stage 4.

Bren gun carriers mounting anti-tank rifles and Bren guns should be quickly concentrated. These, together with the very mobile gun-howitzer and trench mortar crews, would be able to give adequate support.

Stage 6.

By this time the intentions of the invaders would be clear, all roads would be blocked, and anti-tank devices brought into operation. Heavy mobile artillery rushed into position farther back could pound away at masses of vehicles and tanks thus held up. The Germans would undoubtedly use dive-bombers in an attempt to dislodge strong defence posts. During the evacuation from Dunkirk our fighter 'planes were able to deal very effectively with these dive-bombers. All this time more and more troops, guns and tanks could be brought up and concentrated where needed, and the same process could be repeated wherever and however often the Nazis attempted to invade.

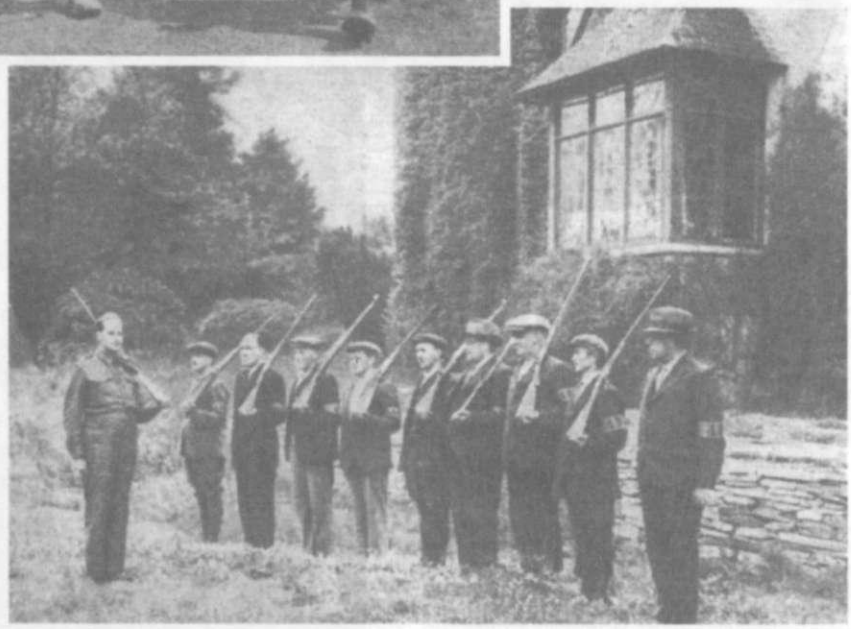
Day by Day Britain's Home Defences Grow



Members and clerks of the London Stock Exchange are learning to defend the famous building in Throgmorton Street and, if need be, their own homes. Here an instructor of the Guards is demonstrating the working of a Bren Gun. On his left is Major Karo, O.C. Stock Exchange Cadets. Right, an air-raid shelter being built round the Henry Irving statue near Charing Cross.

IN his broadcast on Sunday, June 30, Mr. Chamberlain said that the enemy might try to invade us at any moment. "If he does try," he added, "we will fight him in the air and on the sea; we will fight him on the beaches with every weapon we have. He may manage here and there to make a break through. If he does we will fight him on every road, in every village, and in every house, until he or we are utterly destroyed. If he is driven to evacuate as we had to evacuate from France, there will be no friendly fleet waiting for him; there will be nothing waiting for him off the beaches of England but death and disaster."

The girls, left, working at high pressure at a factory in the Midlands, have yet found time to become efficient fire-fighters. Above is a poster written by a Glasgow newspaper-seller who treats raids as if they were football matches!



The men, left, are volunteers who joined a famous regiment now in the Eastern Command in April, 1940, and are learning with the aid of trestles and planks to clear obstacles during their training. The Lord of the Manor of Colyton, Devon, has the right to form an army of his servants and tenants in times of peril. It had not been exercised since 1646, during the Civil War, until the present Lord of the Manor, Mr. T. Newman, once again made use of the privilege. Right, he is seen in the grounds of his house drilling his men as L.D.V.s. *Photos, Central Press, Marcel Lavelli, Keystone, Fox and G.P.U.*

Nazi Terror Reaches the Channel Islands

St. Helier, the capital of Jersey, was almost completely evacuated. Below are Channel Islanders who were brought to England in a great fleet of ships. Left, a mother and her two young children who endured a 20-hour voyage in a small boat.

ON July 1, 1940, German troops landed in the Channel Islands by air. Three days before the Home Office had announced that the Islands had been demilitarized, but, notwithstanding, Jersey and Guernsey were both bombed and defenceless civilians were machine-gunned, the death roll on the one island being 29 and 10 on the other. The casualties would have been far heavier had the greater part of the population not been already evacuated. Evacuation became inevitable when the Germans occupied the coast of France. As can be seen in the map, centre right, none of the islands is more than 40 miles distant from the French coast. A great fleet of ships, including paddle-steamers, cargo-boats and many small craft, carried men, women and children to western ports of England, though some of the islanders chose to remain behind.

Photos, Topical Press and Planet News

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR NEWS

Every week there are innumerable items of interest which, through pressure on our space, we are unable to describe in full, but which should nevertheless have their corner in our pages. Here, then, is the first of a series of selected war news paragraphs.

Norway and Her King

APART from Balkan royalties there are few crowned heads in Europe today, and of these, three, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and the Kings of Norway and Albania, have sought refuge in Britain.

King Haakon arrived at a northern port from Bergen on June 10, with the Crown Prince and members of the Norwegian Government. In a proclamation to the Norwegian people it was explained that this move had been made by advice of the High Command and " to prevent further destruction of the yet intact parts of the country." It was added that the President of the Storting of Holland and the Army and Navy supported the King and Government.

The puppet Government set up in April by Germany was later superseded by the appointment of Reichkommissar Terboven. Inspired by his master in Berlin, this official has now suggested to the Storting that it should meet and formally request King Haakon to abdicate his throne.

Italians on the Run

PANIC has been created on the Eritrean side of the Sudan frontier by the sudden harassing raids of British light mechanized units. These armoured fighting patrols are wont to attack native enemy forces with machine-gun fire, inflicting casualties without loss to themselves. One such raid took place on June 29, when a troop of cavalry, 1,200 strong, was encountered in the neighbourhood of Kassala by two British light armoured vehicles. When our patrols opened fire the enemy scattered in disorder and made for the hills, leaving 50 casualties behind them. A week earlier in the same district a battalion of native infantry was routed with severe loss.

How Did Balbo Die?

MYSTERY surrounds the death of Marshal Balbo, Italy's Governor-General in Libya. According to the official Italian communiqué, " on Friday, June 28, while flying over Tobruk during an action with the enemy, the 'plane piloted by Italo Balbo . . . fell in flames." Also in the 'plane were Balbo's nephew, Signor Ferrara, his brother-in-law, Lt.-Pilot Florio Gino, and the Italian Consul-General in Libya. All were killed. Two days later, however, the British Foreign Office issued a categorical denial of this story. " No British aircraft were concerned in the crash of Marshal Balbo's machine, and there is no truth in the statement that he fell in battle," it read, though the British squadron which was operating over Tobruk stated that they saw a machine burning on the ground.

From the facts available it would seem that Marshal Balbo, chief rival of Mussolini in the affections of the Italian public, may have died as Von Fritsch died in Poland in September 1939. In Balbo's stead was appointed Marshal Graziani of Abyssinian fame—or ill-fame.

Reports varying, inconclusive and in parts contradictory, came from Rome as to the manner of Marshal Balbo's death. The non-Axis world drew its own more definite conclusions. *Photo, L.N.A.*

Hong Kong is Evacuating Too

FOLLOWING the virtual encirclement of Hong Kong, Britain's commercial and military outpost in China, it was decided to evacuate from the colony all the British women and children. The first batch, totalling 1,960, left Hong Kong in a crack liner of the Canadian Pacific on July 1. Several scores also made the passage in one of the big trans-Pacific clipper aeroplanes. Their destination was Manila, in the U.S.A. islands of the Philippines though later they may proceed to Brisbane and Sydney.

Roosevelt's New Rival

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has not yet decided whether or not he will run for a third term of the Presidency, but he is more likely to do so now that his opponents, the Republicans, have chosen as their candidate a man of strong personality and popular appeal—Mr. Wendell Willkie. Although he has never held any political office and had not the backing of the Republican Party machine, Mr. Wendell Willkie secured the nomination at the Party conference at Philadelphia on June 28 in the sixth ballot. The Presidential elections are due to be held next November.

Sending the Children Overseas

FIRST of Britain's children to be evacuated to the New World were 60 youngsters who landed at New York on July 1. These were sent over privately, but the Government has in course of preparation a scheme whereby some tens of thousands of children are to be evacuated to Canada ; later perhaps the scheme may be extended to the U.S.A. and to Australia and New Zealand. In large measure the expenses of the evacuation will be borne by the Government.

Britain on the Offensive

TANTALIZINGLY brief was the communiqué issued on June 26 by the Ministry of Information which told of the first raid on enemy territory. It read : " In cooperation with the Royal Air Force, naval and military raiders yesterday carried out successful reconnaissance of the enemy coastline. Landings were effected at a number of points and contact made with German troops. Casualties were inflicted and some enemy dead fell into our hands. Much useful information was obtained. Our forces suffered no casualties." The Nazis, of course, waxed scornful in their account of operations " limited to landing attempts on a very small scale by a few British ships at two points of the French Channel coast." These were " completely unsuccessful," and the German casualties were only two wounded. . .

Evacuation of thousands of selected children, not to the British countryside but across the Atlantic, was a scheme that seized the public imagination. Here are some children pleased with the idea of an American adventure.

Photo, Wide World

Syria Quits the War

WHAT will France's Empire do? In Syria, at least, the position is now clear. On June 23 great enthusiasm was aroused in the territory by a stirring proclamation broadcast by M. Puaux, French High Commissioner, that General Mittelhauser had decided " to carry on the mission of France in Syria and to defend with indomitable energy the honour of France and of her flag."

There followed four days of anticlimax, of uncertainty, of dwindling enthusiasm, misgiving and perplexity, until, on June 27, it was announced that General Mittelhauser had reconsidered his position and had decided to fall in with the instructions of the Pétain Government ; to put it plainly, he had ordered the cessation of hostilities.

What was the reason for this change of front ? It may well be inferred that it was due to the personal intervention of General Weygand, who, immediately after the Syrian defiance, was reported to have flown to Beirut to remonstrate with the man who had succeeded him as head of the Allied forces in the Near East. Thus Italy, with one eye on the oil pipe-line reaching the Mediterranean at Tripoli, starts putting the screw on.

'Scharnhorst' in the Wars Again

HIT by shells from the battle-cruiser " Renown " off Narvik on April 9, bombed by a naval 'plane on June 13, torpedoed by H.M. submarine " Clyde " and hit by three aerial bombs a week later—the " Scharnhorst," Germany's 26,000-ton battleship, was attacked again on July 1. When lying in a floating-dock at Keil, undergoing repairs, she was heavily bombed and set on fire by aircraft of the Coastal Command.

They Torpedoed Their Friends!

LOADED with 1,500 Germans and Italians who were being sent from Britain to internment camps in Canada, the Leyland liner " Arandora Star " was torpedoed by a U-boat off the west coast of Ireland. News of the disaster was given in a German communiqué on July 3, but this did not add that the torpedo had caused the deaths of 500 or more of their friends !

Scared by Stalin, Carol Turns to Hitler

For many years King Carol of Rumania proved himself to be a most skilful walker of Europe's political tight-rope; for years he managed to maintain his own and his country's balance while surrounded by a horde of greedy neighbours. At last, however (as is told below), he was pushed, or fell, or jumped, from his precarious position.

When Molotov, Stalin's Foreign Commissar, on June 26 sent an ultimatum to Rumania demanding the return of Bessarabia, "stolen from the Soviet Union in 1918," King Carol bowed at once to superior force. He knew only too well that of the two countries that had guaranteed his frontiers, France was now *hors de combat*, and Britain was involved in her own defence. So, in a sense of accommodating realism, he swallowed his oft-repeated words that Bessarabia had been, was, and ever would be, Rumanian. His Government offered to negotiate, but Molotov was in dictatorial mood, so on June 28 the Russian troops crossed the Dniester and occupied Kishinev, the Bessarabian capital, and other towns near the frontier, and by July 1 the occupation of the entire province was complete.

Perhaps there were some grounds for Russia's claim, inasmuch as Bessarabia was part of the Tsar's empire from 1812, when it was ceded by the Turks, until 1917, when a not altogether representative "Council of the Land" proclaimed local autonomy, followed early in the next year by a declaration of Bessarabia's union with Rumania. The Soviet Union never formally acquiesced in the loss of the province, and it was well understood that at the first favourable opportunity Russia would do her best to recover it. That moment, so Stalin judged with his usual flair, had now come.

Lying between the rivers Dniester and Pruth, Bessarabia is most fertile in the north, where it forms part of the famous Black Earth region; the central area, though well watered by tributaries of the two great rivers, tends to be marshy, while parts are thickly forested with beech, oak and birch; in the south, adjoining the delta of the Danube, there are stretches of sand, salt marshes and lagoons. Practically all the population of some 3,000,000 are engaged on the land, raising crops of grain, fruit and tobacco, tending their vineyards, rearing numbers of sheep, cattle, horses, and pigs.

The Russian occupation of Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina was begun on June 28 and completed on July 1. The map above shows the portions ceded by Rumania to Russia. The River Dniester, below, forms a natural boundary between the U.S.S.R. and Bessarabia. The buildings in the foreground are fishing huts. *Photos, Fox, Dorien Leigh*

In the towns, particularly in Chisinau (Kishinev), there is a large Jewish element, but the province as a whole may well be described as one of Europe's "crazy quilt" areas. The Rumanians account for between 50 and 60 per cent, while the Russians and Ukrainians amount to rather less than 25 per cent. The balance is made up of Bulgarians, Turks, Germans, Magyars and Jews. On racial grounds, then, Russia could make small claim for the restitution of the province.

At the same time, however, it must be admitted that the Rumanians, whose numerical strength lies in the country rather than in the towns, have treated the minorities in a not altogether enlightened fashion. In the Russia of the Tsars Bessarabia was the most backward province, and it has been the most backward province of Greater Rumania. In 1897 only 19·4 per cent of the inhabitants over six years of age could read, and by 1930 the percentage had risen to only 38·1.

If Russia had some claim to Bessarabia on historical grounds, it had none to those northern regions of Bukovina which were coupled with Bessarabia in Stalin's ultimatum. Frankly enough, Molotov described its handing over as "a compensation, if only an unimportant one, for the immense loss which the Soviet Union and the population of Bessarabia have suffered through the twenty-two years' rule of Rumania in Bessarabia." Before 1918 the Bukovina was not Russian but Austrian, and of its population of about a million, 40 per cent speak Rumanian and 33 per cent Ukrainian. In the northern districts of Cernauti (the capital) and Storojinet the Ukrainians are in the majority, and this fact may have weighed with Stalin, who only a few months earlier incorporated so many million Polish Ukrainians within the bounds of the Soviet State.

Having restored Bessarabia at Stalin's behest, King Carol apparently feared similar demands from Hungary and Bulgaria. He turned, therefore, to the only Power which might be able to restrain their revisionist aspirations—Germany, and on July 1 it was announced that Rumania's foreign policy would be reorientated "as determined by the new European order in course of establishment," and that therefore Rumania had renounced the Anglo-French guarantee of April 13, 1939. An envoy was sent to Berlin to appeal (so it was said) for military assistance, and though this was refused Rumania continued to take all possible precautions against invasion.

Eye Witness Stories of Episodes and Adventures in the Second Great War

I Was in Charge of 450 French Wounded

The heroic work of British Red Cross nurses on the beach at Dunkirk is described in page 646, Vol. 2. Here is the story of another nurse's heroism at Dunkirk—that of Mme. Casimir-Périer, a French army nurse, who swam out to a British destroyer to fetch help for the wounded in her charge.

Mme. Casimir-Périer, whose part in the retreat to Dunkirk is told in this page, photographed at an English resort where she was resting after her ordeal.
Photo, Associated Press

DURING the battle of Flanders the ambulance unit to which Mme. Casimir-Périer was attached took up quarters in an abandoned hotel near Dunkirk, and prepared to receive 100 wounded.

On the first day 400 wounded came in. The second day there were 700 more. The doctors and other officers from the unit were lent to a field hospital two miles away, and the worst cases were transferred there.

Soon the road between the two hospitals became almost impassable, owing to heavy shell fire and aerial bombardment. Mme. Casimir-Périer and other assistants were left to carry on. The local reservoir had been bombed, and water had to be rationed. Each wounded man had one tumblerful a day. There was none for washing.

The order was given to evacuate. Nearly 450 wounded were put in forty-three ambulances to go to Dunkirk jetty. Eleven of the ambulances never got there. They were bombed and left flaming on the road.

When Dunkirk beach was reached the ambulance attendants went back to continue their work, and Mme. Casimir-Périer was left with about 300 wounded men in her charge.

She said: "Some I left shielded from the sun under the lighthouse on the jetty. The others hid under a pier on the hot sand. Poor fellows—but what brave fellows.

"Some of them needed a surgeon all to themselves, but they were grand and cheerful. They shouted jokes to each other, and referred to me as 'the little green monkey,' because I was darting about from one to the other. I gave them what comfort I could, and then said I must leave them for an hour or two to go and search for the officers, as there was no one to give orders.

"I left a French rifleman in charge—a great big fellow, with a wound in the face. 'Don't let a single one leave here until I return,' I said. They waved to me as I went.

"I returned to the hospital, and found no one there. I went on to the other hospital and found it had been terribly bombed. Still I could not find the officers. Someone said they had gone to a fort some five miles away.

"I set out on foot. The bombing, the shelling, and the machine-gunning all this time were frightful. An incendiary bomb fell right at my feet. It scorched my legs and face.

"Still I could not find the officers. I realized they must be either dead or helping wounded somewhere else, and I must rely on myself.

"I returned to the beach. I had been away for six hours. The boys seemed pleased to see me. I waited with them as the day lengthened. Then an English trawler, the 'King George,' came in. I helped get the poor fellows aboard, and waved to them as they steamed away.

"After that I went back to have another look at the road to the other hospital, where 150 of the most seriously wounded were lying. I had promised I would bring them help, but I could see that it would be almost impossible to travel that road and live.

"Then I looked seaward, and saw a British destroyer a long way out. I dropped my clothes on the beach and started swimming out to it in brassière and shorts.

"I think I swam for three-quarters of an hour. I was nearly drowning when the sailors hauled me aboard. They took me in front of an officer. I told him I needed help, and he said, 'Madame, you shall have it.'

"I was so filthy and covered with oil, and ashamed of myself, that I went back in the water again, and started swimming for the shore. One of the destroyer's motor-boats overtook me, and they lifted me in.

"The sailors got all the wounded in the destroyer in wonderfully quick time, using four motor-boats."—"*Daily Express.*"

How We Bombed the Maastricht Bridges

In earlier pages of "The War Illustrated" (Vol. 2, p.p. 574, 581, 631, and 654) reference has been made to the magnificent feat of an R.A.F. Bomber Squadron which blew up the bridges at Maastricht—a feat which evoked the message "Messieurs, je vous remercie" (Thank you, gentlemen) from General Georges. Now we record the story broadcast by a sergeant observer who was one of the two survivors of the action.

THE two bridges at Maastricht should have been blown up on the night of May 11, but for some unknown reason they were left standing. It was absolutely necessary that the bridges should be destroyed, for they were the only route open to the enemy.

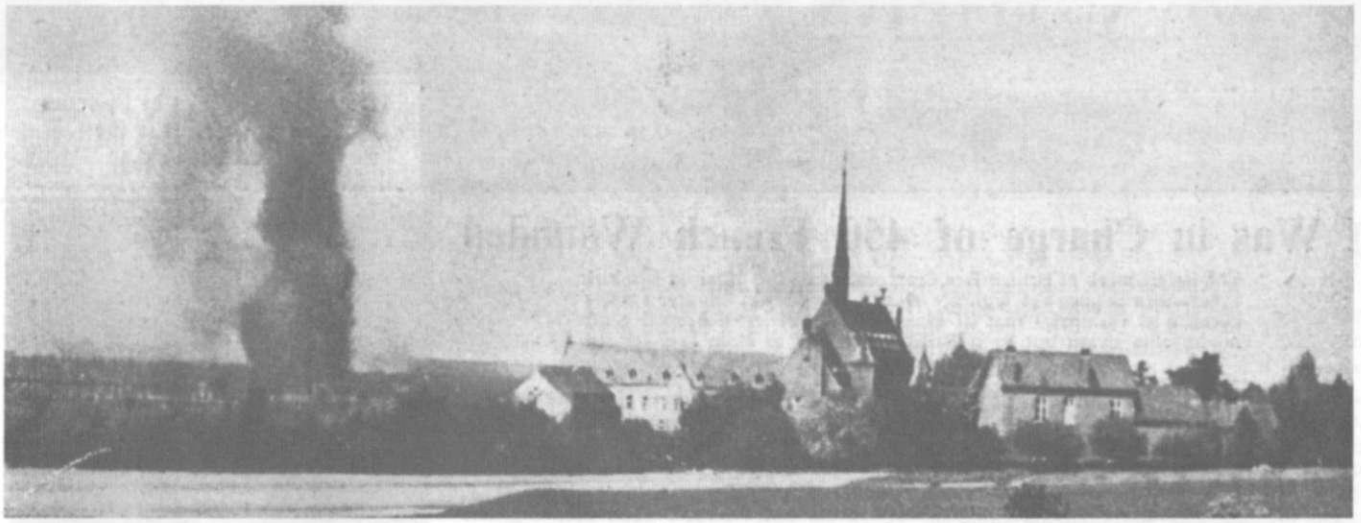
One Squadron Leader asked for volunteers, and there is no need for me to say that not a single one of us hesitated. I wasn't present at the actual time, but when I arrived my pilot told me he had put my name down, and I'm glad he did.

Maastricht was about 100 miles away from our aerodrome, but from the preparations we made for the journey you might have thought we were off for a journey across miles of uncharted land. We are thorough about all our routes, of course, but the vital importance of this raid made us even more careful. It was absolutely essential that we should not waste any time in finding the bridges, and it was absolutely essential that they should be destroyed.

Five aircraft set out on the task. One flight of three were detailed to destroy the larger bridge, and the other two aircraft—in one of which I was the observer—had the smaller bridge to deal with. We were given a fighter escort of three aircraft, which

Here is a scene in a street of Dunkirk during the terrible bombardments from the air which Mme. Casimir-Périer describes. An ambulance is once more the victim of the bomber Robert Montgomery, the American film star, who served with an ambulance in France, declared that a vehicle without the Red Cross was safer than one with it. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

I WAS THERE!



Two important bridges over the River Maas and the Albert Canal were heavily bombed by the R.A.F. in the middle of May. The Germans put up a terrific barrage when the British 'planes appeared, but the R.A.F. pilots delivered their attack at 6,000 feet, diving to 2,000 feet as they dropped their bombs. This German photograph of Maastricht, taken during the raid, gives a vivid impression of the intensity of the attack. **(See photograph in Vol. 2, page 581.)**
Photo, Associated Press

cheered us up quite a lot, but unfortunately we were not to have their company for long. When we were about 20 miles from the target 30 Messerschmitts tried to intercept us, but we continued on our course while the three fighters went into the attack. The odds were ten to one, but even so several of those Messerschmitts were brought down.

So we arrived near Maastricht. All the company we had was more enemy fighters and heavier anti-aircraft fire. The Messerschmitts attacked us from the rear. The first I knew about it was when our rear gunner shouted to me, "Enemy fighters on our tail—look out, Taffy!" Our pilot turned and took evasive action, while the gunner shot one of them down. That seemed to frighten the others, for they soon sheered off. The barrage was terrific—the worst I have ever struck—and as we neared our target we saw the flight of three bombers, now returning home, caught in the thick of the enemy's fire. All three were lost.

The big bridge looked badly knocked about and was sagging in the middle. It had been hit by the bombs dropped by the three bombers ahead of us. When we delivered our attack we were about 6,000 feet up. We dived down to 2,000—one aircraft close behind the other, and dropped our load. Looking down, we saw that our bridge now matched the other. It sagged in the middle, and its iron girders were sticking out all over the place. Immediately after we had dropped our bombs we turned for home, but the barrage was there waiting for us. It was even worse than before, and it was not long before our aircraft began to show signs of damage. Soon the rear gunner shouted, "They have got our tanks!" and as it looked as if the machine was going up in fire, the pilot gave orders to abandon aircraft.

I Was Taken for a Boche!

The rear gunner jumped first. We saw nothing of him after that, though we hope he is all right. Then I jumped. The pilot remained with his machine and managed to bring it down safely.

When I jumped we were near Liége, and on the way down I saw I was going straight for the River Meuse, so I pulled my rigging cord on one side and altered direction to make sure of falling somewhere in the town. But as I came near the ground I saw a reception committee waiting for me. Hundreds of people were dashing about from one street to another and all were pointing at me. As I got nearer I realized that the mob was angry; they were shouting and waving their fists. I then began to wonder whether the river wouldn't be safer after all, but by that time it was too late to change my mind.

I landed in a small cottage back garden, and before I had had time to disentangle myself from my gear the crowd rushed into the next-door garden and dragged me over the fence, shouting "Sale Boche"—that means "Dirty German"—and other insulting remarks. I shouted back "Je suis anglais," but either they didn't believe me or didn't understand my French.

Soon they had dragged me into the street where there were hundreds of people waiting. Men and women held my arms and an angry old man got ready to shoot me. Again I shouted "Anglais! Anglais!" and I am glad to say somebody must have thought it just possible that I was telling the truth, for the old man was prevailed upon to hand me over to the police. On the way to the police-station, burly women tried to hit me; and then suddenly, out of the blue, I was spoken to in English by a Belgian woman who offered to act as my interpreter. I was grateful to her. She persuaded the police to send me to the Commandant of Liége Fortress. He believed my story, offered me hospitality, gave me a bicycle and a map, and put me on the road to Namur. So, after an adventurous journey, I arrived in England.

I Served as a Woman in the French Army

Sharing the dangers of the French Army, of which it was officially recognized as a unit, the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps had a hazardous journey from the front to Bordeaux. The story of the women ambulance drivers' endurance and heroism is told exclusively to "The War Illustrated" by Miss Dorothy M. Clarke.

Our contract was for six months as soldiers of France, and the French Government had passed a special decree to enable us—46 British women, members of the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps—to serve as "petticoat" poilus.

We left England at the beginning of April in a troopship seen off by numerous cameras, for the novelty of our mission had stirred the imagination of the Press. Our ten days' stay in Paris rivalled that of any film star; we were fêted and photographed wherever we went. Then on April 13 at an impressive ceremony in the Place des Invalides we and our 22 ambulances were handed over officially to the French Army. We were attached to the Dépôt de Guerre du Train No. 19 and posted to Compiegne.

At first our duties consisted of transporting sick and accident cases, and we grumbled because we had so little to do. But when on the morning of May 10 we were awakened by the sound of bursting bombs we knew that war on the Western Front had started in earnest and there was no further time to slack or grouse. From then onwards, working in twenty-four hour shifts, we drove our ambulances day and night as a never-ending stream of wounded poured into the five local hospitals.

Compiègne itself was subjected to a heavy bombardment. For days the raids went on continuously from dawn to dusk. Then our passengers were not confined to members of the Forces and we carried wounded civilians as well. Some of the patients we brought in were children and tiny babies. The rain of incendiary bombs set whole streets on fire and soon the place was a burning shambles. The senior officer in the town gave permission for the troops to save what goods they could, and so amidst crackling flames and falling masonry we ran with the soldiers from street to street and building to building, filling kit-bags and haversacks with packets of food, bottles of wine, silk stockings, cameras, shoes, gloves, dress material, etc. It was one of the most exciting days of our lives; but after the excitement came the depression.

Water, gas, electricity, telephone, telegraph were all cut off. The railway line was severed. Any shops which remained intact were closed; and nearly all the inhabitants of the place fled south. But the fighting services, and the personnel of the largest hospital—Royallieu—remained.

We had never expected to go to the Front, and we did not go, but the Front came to us. A couple of weeks passed, and then at 2 o'clock one morning we were roused suddenly from our beds, told to pack and be ready to leave in a quarter of an hour. This marked the beginning of that great and rapid retreat before the German advance, which spread in ever-growing momentum from the north to the south of France.

Always on the run, we had seldom time to stay for more than a few hours in any one place; we were driving day and night, carrying the unfortunate wounded with us. Sometimes our patients were lying on

I WAS THERE!

These Women Played a Manful Part in the Great Retreat

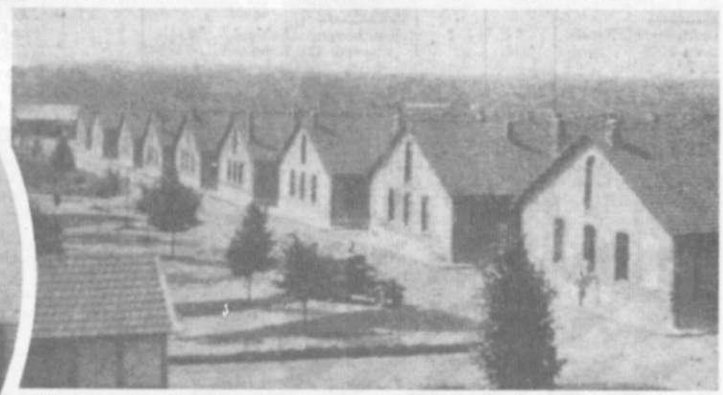
Miss D. M. Clarke, of the Anglo-French Ambulance, who tells of her adventures in this and the previous page. Right is one of the ambulances ditched during the retreat.

stretchers in the ambulances for as long as 22 hours at a time.

During the retreat from Fontainebleau we lost our field kitchen, three male cooks, and all our food. After this major disaster, for the next ten days we were officially without food, money, or billets. We lived on carrots and lettuces out of the ground ; an occasional hen's egg, and a few biscuits and sardines which we managed to acquire. At night we slept in our ambulances in the fields and forests. If we washed at all we did so in wayside streams, or beneath a village pump ; but hot water was an unknown luxury. And all this time we were subjected continually to aerial bombardment, so that our tin hats never left our sides.

The Germans advanced so rapidly that at one time the enemy was only three and a half miles behind us. In the general hurry and disorganization we lost all touch with military headquarters, and for some days were without official orders and petrol.

We were posted as missing, but by sheer good luck managed to reach Bordeaux and get on board a Polish troopship—one of the last boats to leave—on the day on which the armistice was signed. With deep regret we left our ambulances behind us on the quayside. As we embarked in the harbour we were bombed, and at sea we were chased by a submarine, so that when in a few days we reached a north of England port never had the shores of home appear more welcome.



The Royallieu Hospital, Compiegne, at which the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps was first stationed. When the German Army approached the buildings were abandoned, and the unit began the long retreat which ended only at Bordeaux.

Here are women of the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps taking a hurried meal by the roadside during their long retreat. Before the Royallieu Hospital was evacuated, Compiègne had been heavily bombed by the Germans. Right, destruction wrought in one street while the Corps was still gallantly carrying on its work of mercy.

Photos, D. M. Clarke, exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

What Twelve Days of Air War Cost Germany

Air Raids on Britain and Germany: Debits and Credits, June 18—July 1

ON BRITAIN	Casualties	Enemy Losses	ON GERMANY, &c.	British Losses
June 18–19			**June 18–19**	
Essex, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Northamptonshire	12 k. 30 i.	7	**Bremen**—O.f. **Hamburg**—O.f. **Kastrop**—O.f. **Misburg**—O.; P. **Sterkrade**—O.; P. **Gladbach, Wesel, Arsbrech**—R. **Schwerte**—M. **Düsseldorf**—R.; AW. **Soest**—M. **Cologne** (nr.)—T. **Schilau**—P. **Cologne**—AW.f.	3 m.
June 19–20			**June 19–20**	
East and South Coasts	8 k. 60 i.	3 2*	**Lünen, Hamm, Bielefeld, Münster, Düren, Schwerte, Euskirchen, München-Gladbach, Hamborn, Emmerich, Hamburg, Brunsbüttel, Norderney**—O.; AW; B.; M.; A.; T. **Rouen**—A.	1 m.
June 20–21			**June 20–21**	
N.E., E. & S.E. England	0	?	**Schipol**—A. **Rouen**—A. **Haamstede**—A. **Paderborn**—A. **Münster**—A. **Hitzacker**—AW. **Ludwigshaven**—M. **Osterfeld**—M.; S.; **Essen**—M. **Calais**—GE.	2 m. 1 l.
June 21–22			**June 21–22**	
E., N.E., S. & S.E. England	3 k. 3 i.	?	**Bremen**—AW. **Kassel**—AW.; A. **Rothenburg**—A. **Göttingen**—S. **Huntlosen**—A. **Hamburg** (N. of)—A. **Rheine** (nr)—T. **Osnabruck and Bremen, rly. between**—T. **Lingen**—T. **Essen**—AW. (**Krupps**). **Hanover** (nr.)—O. **Willemsoord**—O.	2 m. 1 l.
June 22–23			**June 22–23**	
Nil			**Merville, W. of Lille**—A.	1 l.
June 23–24			**June 23–24**	
Nil			**Germany and Holland**—A.: R. (daylight)	3 m.
			Mecklenburg, Ruhr, Rhineland—AW.; M.; R.	Several m.
			Hamburg—?	
June 24–25			**June 24–25**	
E. Counties, Midlands, town in S.W. England	5 k. 20 i.	?	**Eindhoven, Schipol, Waalhaven, De Kooy**—A. **Mülheim, Kassel**—A.; AW.f. **Helder**—N.f. **Dortmund**—O.; M. **Deichshausen**—AW. **Emmerich** (nr.)—R.	Nil

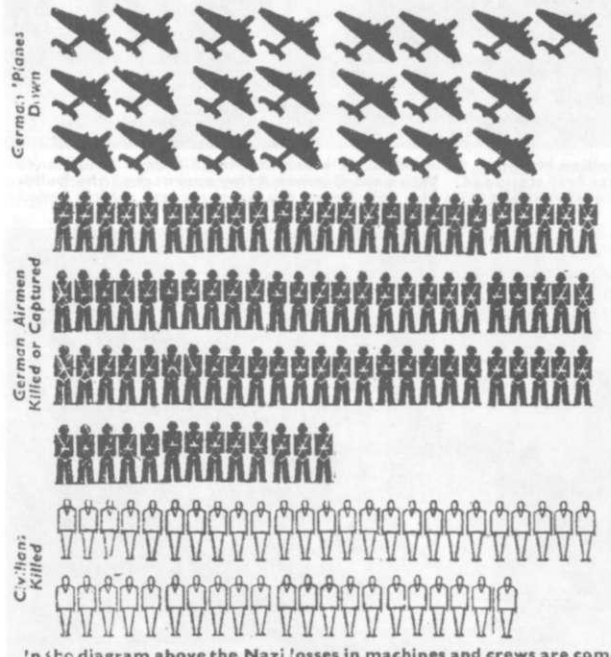
ON BRITAIN	Casualties	Enemy Losses	ON GERMANY, &c.	British Losses
June 25–26			**June 25–26**	
S.E. Scotland; Wales; Midlands; N.E. S., S.E. and S.W. England	4 k. 13 i.	5	**Arnhem** and **Borkum**—A. **Linhen**—R. **Hamm**—R. **Dorsten**—R. **Osterfeld**—M. **Monheim**—O. **Bremen**—AW. **Cologne**—F. (c.). **Heligoland**—D. (a.). (fighter shot down.). **Bomoen**—A.	Nil
June 26–27			**June 26–27**	
N.E. Scotland; N.E., E. and S.E. England	slight	3	**Gelsenkirchen**—O. **Soest**—R. **Texel, Helder, Schipol, Waalhaven, De Kooy**—A. **Dortmund, Bonn, Handorf, Langenhagen**—A. **Cologne**—O. **Ludwigshaven**—F.(c.). **Osnabruck, Rheydt, Hamm, Soest**—M.; R.	
			Willemsoord, Genemuiden—L.; D.K	2. m.
June 27–28			**June 27–28**	
S.E. England	very slight	1	**Misburg**—O.f. **Bremen**—O. **Salzbergen**—F. **Helder and Texel**—N. (b.; one **Heinkel** dest.) **Denmark and N. Germany**—m.o. bombed. **Nyborg, W. of Copenhagen**—O.f.	Nil
June 28–29			**June 28–29**	
S. Wales; E. England	5 i.	?	**N.W. Germany**—F. (c.); M.; R.; C.; A. **Dormagen, S. of Düsseldorf**—F. f. **Hochst**—F. (c.) f. **Monheim** (nr.)—F. **Cologne** (E. of)—**blast fur.** b. **Osnabruck, Soest, Hamm**—M.	Nil
June 29–30			**June 29–30**	
S. and E. Coasts; Midlands; town in Scotland	2 k. 8 i.	? ?	**Abbeville**—A. **Hochst**—F. (c.) f. **Dortmund—Ems Canal**—b. **Soest, Schwerte, Hamm and Gremburg**—M. **Baden, Cologne**—m.o. b. **Bois de Chimay**—m.o. b. **Norderney, Borkum, Schipol**—A. **Barge, Münster**—A. **Merville**—A.	3 m.
June 30—July 1			**June 30—July 1**	
E. England, Wales, W. England; E. Scotland	1 i.	1†	**Merville**—A.	3 m
			Hamburg—O. f. **Darmstadt** area—b. f. **Bremen**—O. **Haltern, 10 m. W. of**—D. (a.). **Hanover**—M. **Osnabruck, Dülmen**—M.; R. **Norderney**—A. **Huntlosen**—A. **Dortmund**—A.	Nil

* By balloon barrage.

† Float 'plane.

KEY TO THE TABLE

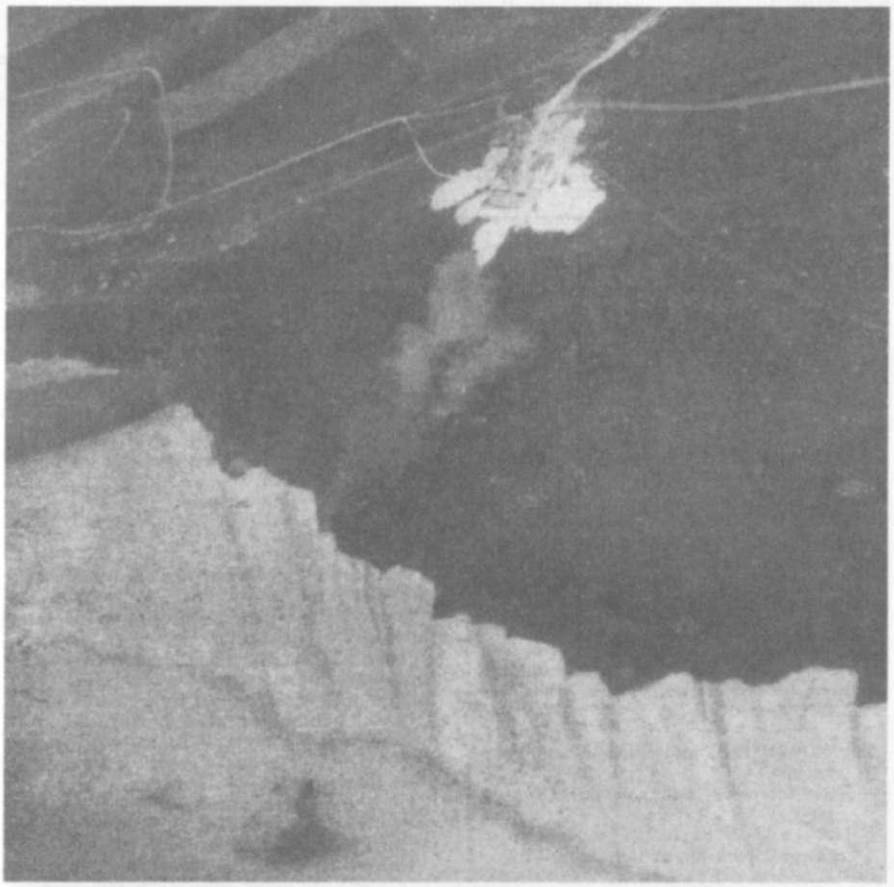
A. aero-drome; **a.** ammunition; **AW.** aircraft works. **B.** bridge; **b.** bombed; **C.** canal; **c.** chemical. **D.** docks; **DK.** docks; **F.** factory; **f.** set on fire. **GE.** gun emplacement; **i.** injured; **k.** killed; **L.** locks; **l.** lost; **M.** marshalling yard; **m.** missing; **m.o.** military objectives. **N.** naval base; **O.** oil depot, stores or refinery. **P.** power station; **p.** petrol; **R.** railway. **S.** stores or warehouses; **T.** trains.



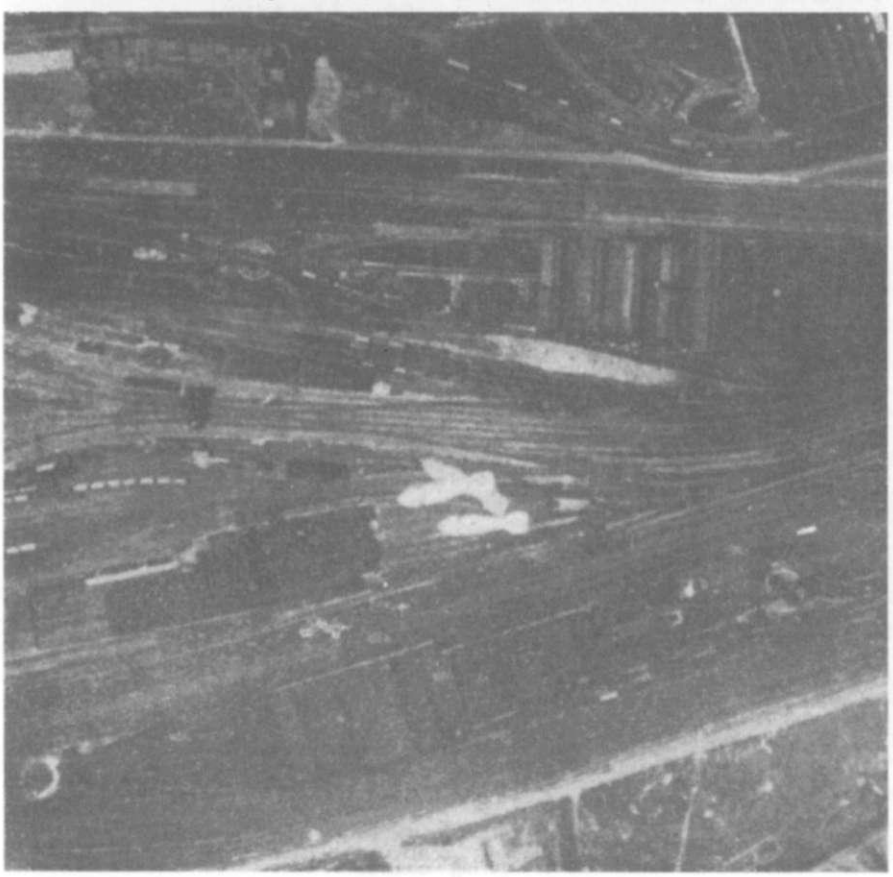
In the diagram above the Nazi losses in machines and crews are compared with British civilian deaths. Taking 4 airmen to each of 22 bombers brought down about 90 were killed or captured as against 66 civilians killed—not more than one-tenth of British road casualties during May 1940. The map shows the very wide range of the regular air battlefield over Germany. *Courtesy of "Evening Standard"*

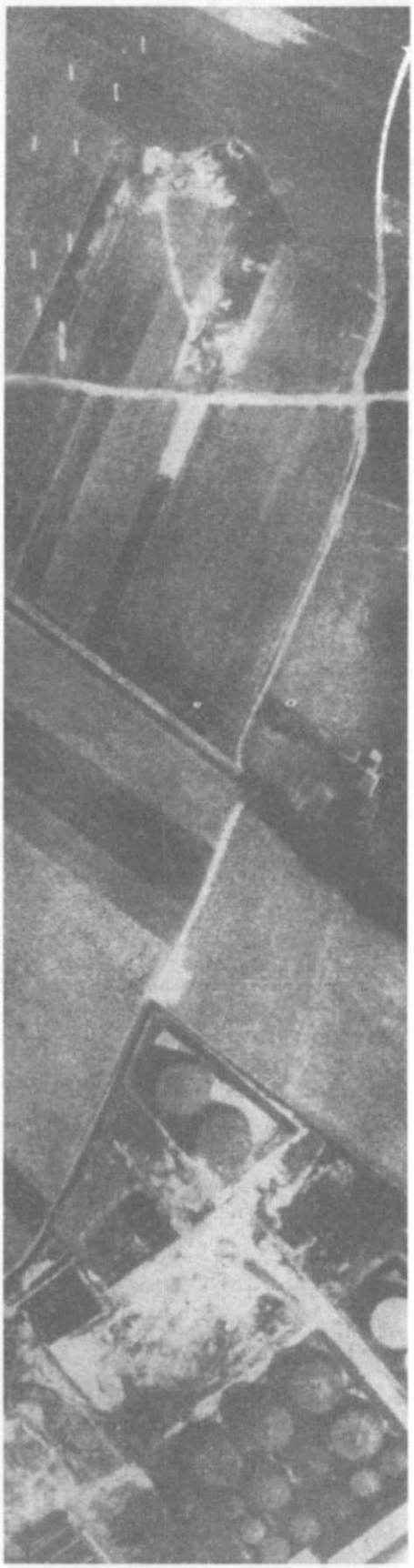
THE tables printed here attempt a comparison between the results of the Nazi raids upon Britain and those carried out upon military objectives in Germany or enemy-occupied territory. Air raids have to be accepted as a hard necessity of war. The results must be judged by military standards and endured, as they are, without undue concern.

Night and Day the R.A.F. Hits the Nazis Hard



Here is the scene when aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm had bombed and completely wrecked a new Nazi big gun emplacement on the cliffs near Calais on June 20. The second of two bombs has made a direct hit. The aircraft were led by a young Canadian airman who had twice photographed the position under heavy fire. On the right a salvo of ten bombs can be seen falling on the oil storage tanks at Monheim, seven miles north of Cologne.





The photograph left explains the reference to bombing marshalling yards, appearing so frequently in Air Ministry bulletins. A "stick" of three bombs is dropping on the marshalling yards at Hamm, the junction of the main lines from Munster and Hamburg to Dortmund.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Wednesday, June 26, 1940

Announced that General de Gaulle was forming **French volunteer legion** in Great Britain, and also setting up French centre for armament and scientific research.

M. Corbin, French Ambassador in London, **resigned.**

Air Ministry announced that Coastal Command aircraft wrecked German aerodrome at **Bomoen**, near Bergen.

R.A.F. made daylight raids into Germany, oil plants and other objectives were bombed. During night aircraft attacked seaplane bases at **Texel** and **Helder,** and many aerodromes in Holland and Germany.

R.A.F. scored successes in Africa, raids being carried out on aerodromes at **Gura** and **Macaaca,** and on **Assab.**

German aircraft appeared over Britain during night of June 26-27. Bombs were dropped in North-East England, North-East Scotland and in other areas. **Three raiders shot down.**

Five raids made on **Malta.**

Thursday, June 27

Russia presented 24-hour **ultimatum to Rumania** requiring cession of Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina, and satisfaction of other demands.

New seat of Pétain Government reported to be Clermont-Ferrand.

General Mittelhauser, French C.-in-C. in Near East, announced that **hostilities** had **ceased in Syria.**

French Government dismissed Governors-General of **Indo-China** and of **Madagascar.**

R.A.F. bombers made daylight raids into Germany. Oil refineries near **Hanover** and at **Bremen** hit.

Other formations attacked military objectives in Denmark and North Germany. Oil tanks at **Nyborg,** west of Copenhagen, set on fire.

Enemy aircraft crossed British coast during night. Anti-aircraft defences and R.A.F. fighters went into action.

Friday, June 28

British Government gave formal recognition to General de Gaulle.

After unsuccessful attempt to negotiate, **Rumania ceded Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina** to Russia. Soviet aircraft and motorized columns began taking possession.

General mobilization proclaimed in Rumania.

Channel Islands, which had been demilitarized and partly evacuated, **bombed and machine-gunned** by enemy 'planes. Thirty-nine persons killed.

Coastal Command aircraft blew up ammunition store at **Willemsoord,** Holland.

German battleship "Scharnhorst" which during the period June 13—July 2 had suffered persistent and successful attack by British aircraft and submarines.

THE POETS & THE WAR

XXVIII

1904—1940

By Sir Robert Vansittart

Was I not faithful to you from the first ?
When have I ever failed you since my youth ?
I loved without illusion, knew the worst,
But felt the best was nearer to the truth.

You were indulgent too and open-eyed
To the shortcomings I was frank to own.
So we were mingled, destined side by side
To face a world we could not face alone.

Did you keep faith with me ? When all was well
Yes ; but I clave to you when all was not.
And, when temptation touched your citadel,
Your weakness won again, and you forgot——

Forgot your Self, and freedom and your friends,
Even interest ; and now our vaunted glow
Becomes a blush, as the long story ends
In sorry separation at Bordeaux.

You hate me now ; you will not hate me less
If I go on unshaken by your fall,
If *for your sake*, devoid of bitterness,
I face the world without you after all.

—*The Times*

R.A.F. successfully raided petrol and bomb dumps at **Macaaca,** Eritrea. Effective raid carried out on desert aerodrome at **El Gubbi.**

Nazi raiders crossed East Coast during night of June 28-29. Anti-aircraft defences were in action. Few bombs dropped in South Wales and near East Coast.

Italians raided **Mersa Matruh,** but without doing serious damage.

Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine "Tetrarch" had sunk German transport off south coast of Norway.

Announced that Canadian destroyer "Fraser" had been lost off Bordeaux.

H.M. trawler "Myrtle" reported mined.

Saturday, June 29

Russian troops continued process of occupying Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina.

Rome announced that **Marshal Balbo,** Governor-General of Libya, had been **killed** in air battle over **Tobruk** on June 28. British Foreign Office denied that any aircraft of R.A.F. was concerned in the crash.

Admiralty announced that an **Italian destroyer** had been **sunk** in the Mediterranean, and **two Italian U-boats destroyed** in the East Indies.

R.A.F. again attacked harbour at **Willemsoord.** Chemical factory at Hochst, near **Frankfurt,** was bombed and set on fire. Dortmund-Ems canal attacked.

Two British light tanks routed 1,200 Italian cavalry across Eritrean frontier.

Raiders crossed British coasts during night. Bombs dropped at number of points, including Bristol Channel area. **Heinkel raider shot down** off coast of Scotland.

Sunday, June 30

Bucharest reported serious **clashes between Russian troops** advancing into Bessarabia **and retiring Rumanian forces.**

French, Italian, and German delegations to Armistice Commission assembled at Wiesbaden and proceedings opened.

R.A.F. bombers again attacked **Merville** aerodrome and also railway objectives at **Vignacourt,** north of Abbeville.

Non-stop attacks on Germany continued. Oil storage tanks at **Hamburg** hit and set burning. Further raids made on enemy aerodromes, including **Norderney.**

Five Messerschmitts shot down and seven others probably destroyed by formations of Hurricane fighters over France.

Enemy aircraft again crossed British coasts during night. **R.A.F.** fighters **shot down float 'plane** off North-East coast.

Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine "Grampus" was overdue and must be considered lost.

Malta had 50th air-raid.

Monday, July 1

Rumania renounced Anglo-French guarantee of her integrity.

Russians completed occupation of ceded territories in Rumania.

British Foreign Office issued statement that Government cannot allow Syria or the Lebanon to be occupied by a hostile Power.

German bombers raided Britain during evening and night. Incendiary bombs dropped on North-East Coast. **Two raiders shot down** by R.A.F. fighters.

High explosive bomb dropped on town on North-East coast of Scotland. Twelve persons killed and 18 injured.

Enemy landings on Jersey and Guernsey officially announced.

Oil refinery at **Augusta,** Sicily, set on fire by R.A.F. Aerodrome at **Gondar,** Abyssinia, severely damaged, and other successful raids made in **Kenya area.**

Marshal Graziani arrived in Libya as C.-in-C. of Italian Forces in North Africa in succession to Marshal Balbo.

British cargo steamers "Empire Toucan," "Guido" and "Zarian" reported torpedoed.

Evacuation from **Hong Kong** began.

Tuesday, July 2

Four more Italian submarines reported sunk in Mediterranean.

R.A.F. raided Kiel in early morning and heavily **bombed battleship "Scharnhorst."** Docks were set on fire.

Other R.A.F. aircraft attacked aerodromes in Germany, and ammunition barges on canals at **Rotterdam.**

Macaaca, Eritrea, bombed again, and three more Italian aircraft destroyed.

Nazi raiders bombed North-East Coast towns during evening. Twelve persons killed and 123 injured. Enemy aircraft also dropped bombs in open country in South-West England and over Wales.

British liner **"Arandora Star,"** carrying 1,500 German and Italian internees to Canada, **sunk by U-boat** off west of Ireland.

British tanker "Athellaird" reported torpedoed in mid-Atlantic.

Berlin issued casualty figures purporting to show total losses (156,492) in France and Flanders.

Wednesday, July 3

British Fleet seized all French warships in British harbours. Those in North African ports which refused conditions offered were fired upon, and many damaged. Ships at Alexandria were refused permission to leave. Many ships and sailors accepted British control.